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THE STORY OF THE WAR

BY ARTHUR BULLARD

THE OUTLOOK'S WAR CORRESPONDENT AT HOME

THIS thirteenth week of the war—October 28 to November 4—has passed as the preceding week, with no material change in the battle line from Switzerland to the Channel. The crucial point of the western campaign was in Flanders. Neither side felt that it had developed all its force, and so, of course, refused to admit a check. Reinforcements are still being rushed to this front.

In the eastern campaign the seriousness of the German defeat in Poland is accentuated by the later reports. It not only seems that the Russians have defeated the invaders before Warsaw, but the despatches indicated that the Austro-German line had been broken. It is no longer one great battle, but a series of conflicts one or two days' march apart. And this increases the chances that one section may be overwhelmed and annihilated.

The morning papers of the 4th published news of an Anglo-German naval battle off the coast of Chile. The details of this sea fight have not yet reached us. But, according to the early reports, it was a decided German victory.

The outstanding event of the week was the entry of Turkey into this conflict.

TURKEY

The sequence of events which led up to the bombardment of Russian ports on the Black Sea by ships flying the Turkish flag are obscure. One story is that these ships were commanded by Germans, who opened hostilities without the authorization of the Sultan. This is possible, but it is more probable that the pro-German clique of army officers have been in control of the Turkish Government all the time, and that Berlin had decided that the moment for Turkey to create a diversion had arrived.

The beginning of hostilities by Turkey has given rise to endless speculations. There are three elements in the problem: the military force of Turkey, the Balkan situation, and Pan-Islamism.

Leaving for the moment the chance of other nations becoming involved in the war, the entry of Turkey into the arena is not very important. The Sultan's army is not more than half a million men with modern equipment; probably much less. No one knows how effectively they have been reorganized since the Balkan War. They were at that time as brave as any other soldiers, but quite helpless. Artillery is an increasingly important factor in modern warfare. The Turks had bought a fairly large equipment of second-hand German guns. Perhaps a quarter of their field batteries were officered by Germans or German-trained Turks, who were acquainted with their guns and used them effectively. The rest were practically useless. In one regiment of infantry, which was part of the Turkish army in the trenches at Tchataldja, I found that at least half—I think two-thirds—of the privates had never had a high-power magazine rifle in their hands before the war broke out.

But even granted an effective reorganization, the Turkish army can strike the territory of the present combatants at only two places—the Russian Caucasus and Egypt. If Russia is pressed for men, she can abandon the Caucasus with an even lighter heart than when she allowed the Germans to overrun western Poland. It is hardly conceivable that any military operations on this

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frontier could influence the European situation.

Egypt is a more serious matter. But rumors of trouble in that neighborhood are many weeks old. Nothing but utter negligence could explain lack of preparations there. England can send troops from her concentration camps at home, or bring up troops from India, as fast as Turkey can send them to the Egyptian border. If the Suez Canal should be blocked, while it would be a serious blow to commerce, England could still bring up troops from India by the railway from Suakim to the Nile.

In the Black Sea the Goeben, which according to all reports is still manned and officered by its original complement of Germans, is much superior to the Russian warships. But, even if it sunk them all, it could do little more than bombard the unfortified coast towns. Turkey could hardly send troops across the Black Sea to invade Russia. And nothing else that she could do on sea would be more than annoyance.

THE BALKANS

But Turkey's striking power is conditioned by the acts of her neighbors. As yet none of the Christian states of the Balkans have been drawn into the war by the action of the Sultan's Government. But it is highly probable that some of them will declare war. It is possible that Italy will feel called upon to intervene. If Rumania and Greece enter the fight, it will almost certainly be against Turkey. The force at their disposal would easily counterbalance any aid the Sultan could lend the Kaiser. Bulgaria's attitude is uncertain. She will probably make an honest effort to preserve neutrality. But her hatred of Greece, Servia, and Rumania, her former allies, may force her into the Turco-German camp. However, the Entente Powers have more to hope from the extension of war in the Balkans than has Germany.

THE MENACE OF PAN-ISLAMISM

The gravest possibility which Turkey's action raises is the threat of a Mohammedan revolt. I have no doubt that Germany hoped more from this than from direct military assistance. Germany is the one European Power which has no Moslem subjects. If the Sultan, who claims to be the Commander of the Faithful—a claim which is not unanimously accepted in Islam—should proclaim the Holy War, and if all the far-flung followers of the Prophet should answer his call, it would be a blow, a stupendous blow, to the Allies.

A general Pan-Islamic revolt would mean war on the Unbeliever throughout North Africa, from Morocco to Suez and well down towards the equator; it would mean isolated massacres of missionaries and traders in Asia Minor, an uprising against Russia in Persia and Turkestan, and an outbreak in India comparable with the Sepoy Mutiny. If Germany, with the help of the Sultan, can raise this whirlwind, it would equal in effect the annihilation of General Joffre's army in France.

The entire success of the grandiose dream of Pan-Islamism is extremely improbable. But its success in some details is probable. There is bitter rivalry in India between the Mohammedans and Hindus. In a religious war the Hindus—and they greatly outnumber the Mohammedans—would probably help the English. Japan could be counted on for active help if necessary. In the settled French colonies of North Africa, Tunis and Algeria, there is little chance of revolt. The native "notables" have made peace with the conquerors. Many of them wear the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Anti-French sentiment is widespread among the natives of the lower classes, but they are inarticulate, unorganized, and illiterate. If the Sultan proclaimed the *Jehad*, it would be months before the news reached the masses.

In Egypt the danger is greater because there the disaffected elements belong to the educated class, the descendants of the native autocracy, who, under English rule, have lost most of their old-time privileges. But here again the German hope of a serious revolt is probably exaggerated. Lord Kitchener knows more about Egypt than any other man alive, and it is hard to believe that he has neglected the necessary precautionary measures. The censorship in Cairo is at least as severe as in London. The half-dozen Arabic newspapers run by the Government are doubtless recounting English victories. And the Nationalist press, which enjoys a limited independence, has no news the Government wishes to suppress. There may very likely be some sporadic revolts, but there is small chance of their catching Lord Kitchener napping.

REVOLT

However, such revolt must be Germany's main hope. There is little chance of any new accessions to the military strength of Ger-

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many and Austria. They may succeed in getting a few more of the small neutral nations to follow Turkey's example. There is a strong pro-German feeling in Holland. Sweden is afraid of Russia. Bulgaria is uncertain. But every day that passes without some increase in Germany's chance of success makes the recruiting of allies more difficult. England and Russia and France are more likely to get outside help than Germany.

To change the balance, Germany must hope to weaken her enemies. Granted that war exists, no one can quarrel with Germany's effort to foment revolt among the Boers of South Africa and to raise the specter of Pan-Islamism. The verdict of history is that the Russians were justified in burning Moscow. And so, in the same spirit, if the situation becomes desperate, Germany will probably try to cause as much devastation as possible before she goes down.

THREE MONTHS

November 4 marks three months since the German invasion of Belgium began. And at the end of this period Germany has very little to show in the way of accomplishment. She has conquered Belgium and has been able to establish a *de facto* government there. She has overrun and to a certain extent ravaged a large part of northern France, and to-day holds perhaps a quarter of French territory. In Russia her accomplishments are rather less. Her province of East Prussia has been devastated by the enemy, and after varying fortunes during these three months and a short-lived raid into Russian territory she is no more than successfully defending this frontier. In Poland she was able to carry the war into the enemy's country. Almost unopposed she occupied western Poland, but only to be driven back after a serious defeat before Warsaw. She is here still on Russian soil, but much farther back than a month ago.

Her navy has some but no great accomplishments to boast of. Her submarines and mines have sunk a half-dozen British warships and a large number of fishing-boats. In the recent combat in the South Pacific she has evened up the score of the fight off Heligoland. Her commerce destroyers have done valuable service, having sunk a few score ships of the immense British merchant marine; but not enough seriously to raise the rate of marine insurance.

Her fourth arm—the sky fleet—has accomplished even less. Her heavier-than-air equipment seems to have been much better than the Allies expected, and it has done at least as much as their aeroplanes in the important business of scouting. But as an "offensive" weapon the German aircraft have no exploit to match the two English raids from Antwerp which attacked with some measure of success the Zeppelin works of Düsseldorf. The bomb-dropping on Paris and Antwerp, the more recent exploit of blowing a couple of dozen peasant women to pieces in the market-place of Bethune, can hardly be called military achievements.

Austria has even less to show as results of this three months' war.

Nor has this ninety days of bitter fighting brought anything but negative results to the Allies. With the exception of the Russian and French raids into East Prussia and Alsace, the campaign in Galicia and the Servian invasion of Bosnia—of which we have heard very little of late—the Allies have nowhere been able to carry the war into the enemy's country. If the Germans have been unable to smash any army of the Allies, it is equally true that they have nowhere had to surrender any large force.

The fortunes of war are proverbially fickle. Any moment some of the complicated mechanism of modern warfare may break down on either side and result in an unforeseen disaster. Any moment an error of judgment on the part of some general or—as has happened in other wars—some individual or collective betrayal may completely change the face of events. There has always been the chance that one of the Allies might make peace to her own advantage. Every day, however, that the Allies fight together lessens this chance. The final decision of Turkey to take part in the war seems to some an evidence that German diplomatists have given up hope of persuading Russia to betray her allies.

But long before this war broke out military writers—almost without exception—had agreed that three months of such negative results would mean defeat for Germany. I can see no reason to reverse this judgment.

New York City, November 4, 1914.

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THE SYMBOL

Symbols have played a large part in the history of the world. Soldiers we bury wrapped in the flags for which they have given their lives. Women have starved to keep upon their finger a circlet of yellow gold. Under the Crescent Islam swept westward and northward to the Danube. For the Cross death has seemed to many a joyful gift borne earthward upon triumphant wings.

A strip of colored bunting, three pennyweights of glistening metal, curves and angles that can be duplicated on the instant by any scratching pen—wherein lies the mystery and power in these things?

The flag, the ring, the crescent, and the cross are the symbols of faith. To question their worth is to question the faith that gave these symbols life beyond the comprehension of any single generation. Symbols are sacred only in so far as they embody a spirit that cannot die.

"Will you go to war just for a scrap of paper?"

What was this scrap of paper? A document to be quibbled over, making the worse appear the better reason, fair game for phrase-makers and scholastics? Was it a dead rag or a living symbol? How much of its worth depended upon fundamental morality, how much upon the dotting of the i's and the crossing of the t's?

To these questions Germany has given her answer. For since von Bethmann-Hollweg's first frank confession of sin her scholars and statesmen have labored without rest to taint with legality the evidence of her guilt. To this question England is giving her answer in the sodden trenches at Ypres.

A SCRAP OF PAPER

BY CIVIS AMERICANUS

Will you go to war just for a scrap of paper?
Question of the German Chancellor to the British Ambassador, August 5, 1914.

A mocking question! Britain's answer came
Swift as the light and searching as the flame.

"Yes, for a scrap of paper we will fight
Till our last breath, and God defend the right!

A scrap of paper where a name is set
Is strong as duty's pledge and honor's debt.

A scrap of paper holds for man and wife
The sacrament of love, the bond of life.

A scrap of paper may be Holy Writ
With God's eternal word to hallow it.

A scrap of paper binds us both to stand
Defenders of a neutral neighbor land.

By God, by faith, by honor, yes! we fight
To keep our name upon that paper *white!*"

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FROM PUNCH

CARTOON BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE

UNCONQUERABLE

THE KAISER. "So, you see—you've lost everything."
THE KING OF THE BELGIANS. "Not my soul."

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THE WEEK

THE ELECTIONS

The newspaper reports of an election that are received within the twenty-four hours which follow the closing of the polls can be fairly discussed only in their general terms. There is too large an opening for doubt still remaining as to the details of the opinion registered by the Nation at large.

Before the present election there were four general questions upon which the Nation's voters expected to take their stand:

Has the Democratic Administration warranted the continued support of the country at large?

Is the Progressive party still a vital factor in the arena of National politics?

Have the American people definitely decided to eliminate the boss and the political machine from sharing the control of their destinies?

What is the attitude of the Nation at large upon such social questions as woman suffrage, prohibition, the various questions of Constitutional policy and of legislative reform that were presented to their attention by referendum in the several States?

Upon the last of these four questions the final results are not yet known as The Outlook goes to press. Apparently, the hope of the suffragists that the vote might be given to women at this present election has been destroyed in Ohio, Missouri, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Nevada. Montana alone seems to have rendered a verdict in favor of woman suffrage. In these seven States the right of nearly three million women to vote was involved in the election. The results on the question of National prohibitian and of Constitutional reform are not at this writing decisively definite. Oregon, Arizona, and Colorado are reported as probably going "dry." California, Ohio, and Washington are now counted as victories for the "wet" vote.

If the second question is to be answered by the success of the Progressive party in electing men to office, it must be answered in the negative. Only in California, where Governor Johnson is reported as re-elected, did the Progressives hold their own. The solid South, however, is reported as broken by the election of a Progressive Congressman from the Third District in Louisiana. But even the election of this Congressman must be taken not as an indorsement of the Progressive party so much as a decisive rebuke to the economic policies of the present Administration in their effect upon that State's interests.

With the election of Boies Penrose to the Senatorship in Pennsylvania over Gifford Pinchot and A. Mitchell Palmer, with the likelihood that Illinois will be represented in the Senate by Roger Sullivan, with the return to political activity of such old Republican war-horses as ex-Speaker Cannon and Representative McKinley, the third question answers itself. The Nation at large seems to have decided that it did not care to sacrifice what it regarded as its present economic welfare by a vote of protest for political principles or for the reform of political machinery.

To the first, and perhaps the most important, of these four questions the handwriting upon the ballots has given apparently a more definite answer, when we consider that there were many who no doubt longed for the elimination of such men as Barnes and Penrose from the political structure of this Nation who nevertheless chose to swell the tide of Republican triumph with their votes. The reports we have received from Pennsylvania indicate that thousands voted for Penrose upon the same principle by which the Germans have justified their violation of Belgium. A vote for Penrose seemed to them the shortest and quickest road to Paris, and they were willing to sacrifice their convictions to make their actions immediately effective. New York State, by returning a Republican Governor by approximately 150,000 majority, has added its quota to Democratic defeat. Here, as in other States, local issues contributed to the result, for the election of Mr. Whitman to the Governorship not only means popular discontent with the National Administration, but also a revolt against the particular machine in power, and therefore most evident above the political horizon.

The Republican victory in New York State, in New Jersey, and in other States throughout the Nation has apparently placed the Democratic control of Congress in very real peril. In the Senate the Democrats have gained, but in the House and without the House their policies will have hard sledding; their

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control has been lost or retained by a very narrow margin.

The result of this election has been in many instances a triumph of the reactionary element. Generalizations are unsafe, but it may be deduced perhaps from the results that, without economic prosperity, the Nation has little stomach for political and social reform.

THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSION

In the celebrated Freight Rate Case of last summer the Inter-State Commerce Commission, it will be remembered, granted an increase of freight rates to the railways in the Central Freight Association territory, but denied an increase to the Trunk Line and New England territories. Since that decision was rendered the railways assert that the wholly unexpected economic and industrial conditions resulting from the war have made necessary a further increase of rates, or rather an extension of the territory in which rates may be increased. Railway authorities have published tables of statistics and reports to show that the gross earnings of some of the best-managed railways in the country are rapidly decreasing without a proportionate decrease in expenditures. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, of Boston, who for twenty-three years was an officer of the Union Pacific Railway, and who is recognized as an accomplished and expert authority on American public questions, has written to President Wilson in defense of National as opposed to State regulation of railways, and urges that the National Government, if it wishes to save the American railways from a terrible financial crash, must grant an increase of rates.

These various events and incidents have led again to much private and public criticism of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Many impatient citizens assert that if the Commission does not grant the desired increase, and grant it at once, it will prove that it has wholly failed in its functions and ought to be abolished. We think these critics of the Inter-State Commerce Commission lose sight of one or two aspects of the question that are more important than an increase of rates.

Shall we have wholly privately managed railways, like those of the scandalous period of the '70's and '80's, or Government owned and operated railways, or Government regulated railways? There are only these three possibilities. We are for the last. If after a fair trial it proves a failure, Government ownership with all its difficulties and dangers seems inevitable.

Under a policy of Government regulation, shall the regulation be administered by Congress or by an executive committee or board to carry out the principles laid down by Congress? We are for the executive committee or board, as we think every experienced business man must be. The executive committee in this case is the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

Shall it be a group of estimable but practically powerless sub-assistants of the President and of Congress, or shall it have ability, responsibility, and power? It seems to us axiomatic that the men who administer our railways must be men of ability, responsibility, and power. The Commission must be in very truth a kind of Supreme Court of railway questions. The political stability of the United States rests upon respect for the authority of the Supreme Court. Consider for a moment what would have happened if in 1893 the supporters of the Income Tax Law had said while the Supreme Court was considering it, You must find it Constitutional; if you do not, you are a failure and must be abolished.

The very function and purpose of the Inter-State Commerce Commission is to hear in its proceedings the most reliable expert witnesses that the country can produce; to get the facts, to get the technical statistics, to digest the figures, and to render its judgment on that basis. It is created to do what no layman, no single railway man, however expert, and no single publicist, however experienced, can hope to do for himself.

The remedy is not for any private citizen to formulate in advance a verdict, and to insist that the Inter-State Commerce Commission shall adopt that verdict. If any remedy is needed, it is to see that the Inter-State Commerce Commission is put, by reason of its ability, its respected authority, and its governmental power, on a plane not dissimilar to that of the Supreme Court of the United States.

If we could address the railway managers of the United States in mass-meeting assembled, we should say: Devote yourselves, gentlemen, to the problem of making a *great* Inter-State Commerce Commission instead of

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to the inappropriate and useless task of trying to make its verdicts.

THE MEXICAN CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE

The most significant features of the continuous performance in Mexico during the seven days that end as this number of The Outlook goes to press have been the amalgamation of the Villa and Zapata forces at the Aguas Calientes gathering and the acknowledged transformation of this peace conference into a war conference. According to newspaper despatches, the Aguas Calientes Congress has "ordered an extensive movement of the Villa troops towards Mexico City." Already there have been rumors of clashes between Villa forces and Carranza troops at several points between Aguas Calientes and Mexico City, while the irrepressible Zapata is reported to have attacked the town of San Angel, a suburb of the Mexican capital.

The Villa-Zapata coalition at the Aguas Calientes Conference, after coming out openly for the so-called "plan of Ayala," which calls for the immediate division of the big landed estates of Mexico, brought about the election of General Eulalio Gutierrez as Provisional President of Mexico for a period of twenty days. It is carefully explained that the extreme limitation of General Gutierrez's term of office was due to the fact that the Zapata delegates had not been given by their chief the power to vote in the Convention, and hence we are led to infer that there may be another vote on the fitness of Señor Gutierrez for office before his twenty-day term is out. Gutierrez was comparatively unknown prior to his sudden elevation into eminence. A humble grocer a few years ago, he first received favorable attention from the revolutionists as a successful dynamiter of Federal troop trains.

Carranza, of course, denies the legitimacy of the Gutierrez election and continues to aver that he is willing to retire to private life only if Villa and Zapata will do likewise. This the redoubtable pair seem not anxious to do. Carranza has again protested against the presence of the United States forces in Vera Cruz. On the whole, the Mexican situation continues to be a subject to try the temper of the most confirmed optimist.

THE ITALIAN CABINET

The members of the Italian Cabinet have resigned. The cause of their resignation is the difficulty encountered in obtaining proper sanction to extraordinary military expenditures. The present exigency imposes upon Italy an unusual care, not only to keep her military and naval forces intact, but also to provide for a possible heavy increase in expenses in the near future.

Accordingly the Minister of War and the Chief of the General Staff have made extraordinary demands upon Italian finances—so extraordinary indeed as to lead to the proposal that all taxes should be increased by one-tenth to meet such augmented expenditure. Unless this were done the Minister refused to approve of such expenditures, as there would be an inevitable deficit for which he declined to undertake the responsibility. Nor would he give way to the urgent insistence of the Prime Minister and the Minister of War that the expenditures be undertaken at any cost, the deficit to be remedied later. Rather than agree, the Minister of Finance resigned, and his resignation has caused the retirement of the whole Cabinet.

The interesting thing about the Italian Cabinet crisis is the fact that, as in France, it has really been caused less by any lack of confidence in the integrity of the Ministers than by the growing feeling among the Italian people, as among the French, that the present time demands a "Ministry of All the Talents"—that is to say, the Ministry which shall represent all parties. Accordingly we are not surprised to learn that the King has summoned men of all parties, including the Socialist, to decide whether a so-called national Ministry, like that in France, may not be formed.

PUBLIC OPINION IN ITALY

In view of the Italian Cabinet crisis, Italian public opinion becomes very interesting. As may be expected, the long-cherished hope to reclaim Italia Irredenta (unredeemed Italy, the Trentino and Trieste) is a strong factor in the present situation. It is natural that the Italians should incline to whichever side in the present conflict promises them the possession, especially, of the Trentino—the region about the city of Trent in which a great Italian population lives. If Italy had the Trentino, her northern frontier, now interrupted by this triangular piece jutting into the peninsula, would be properly rounded.

Because of this hope, and also because they believe in the cause of the Entente Powers,

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certain Italian political parties—the Nationalists, the Republicans, and the Reformist Socialists—would declare for the Allies.

With the Nationalists there is a touch of humor in the situation because they used to consider France as Italy's greatest prospective enemy. Perhaps they correspond to the Bernhardi school in Germany; they seem to be *Real-Politiker*, political realists—that is to say, time-servers who will take territorial gains where they can. The other two political parties, the Republican and the Reformist Socialist, seem to be chiefly inspired by hatred of Austria, inherited from their great apostle Mazzini.

The Socialists proper preach neutrality. But these Socialists themselves fall into two classes: those who believe in absolute and those who believe in conditional neutrality. Their organ, the "Avanti," is interesting reading these days; and their leaders—Ferrari, Mussolini, Bissolati—worth hearing. Indeed, Signor Bissolati has now actually been called to Rome to help form the new Cabinet.

Opposed to the Nationalists, Republicans, and Reformist Socialists are the Conservatives and a section of the Liberals. These are the political parties who maintain that the triumph of England, France, and Russia, no matter how inspiring for popular rights, would mean the triumph of those who have been Italy's chief competitors in the Mediterranean, and who are the protectors of the Slav power which Italy dreads.

In addition, there is a feeling among them that to fight against Germany and Austria would be in some sense a betrayal. The other day the Catholics, in congress at Milan, declared that "an attitude of hostility towards the states of the Triple Alliance and in favor of those of the Triple Entente would be, unless imposed by insurmountable necessities of national defense, an attack on the rights of nations equal to that of the violation of Belgium." This is an extreme statement, but it finds recognition even among the Entente Powers by such an organ as the "Westminster Gazette," for instance, which says:

> We, for whom the breaking of a treaty by Germany has been a factor of such supreme importance, should do well to respect the sentiment that makes a large section of Italians averse to making war against former allies. Neither by caresses nor by veiled threats should we try to lure the Italians to our side.

Whatever the position of the Italian people, the Government, like our own, has maintained up to this time its position of neutrality, in the belief that, if it can keep its military and naval forces armed and intact, it can, in the final settlement, greatly strengthen its moral position as a neutral Power, and, while legitimately attending to its own interests, can more quickly assure justice and peace.

THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION AND STRICKEN EUROPE

In such a time as this, when the sympathy of the whole world is searching for means to aid the innocent sufferers of Europe, it is gratifying to record that this outpouring of the Nation's spirit is to find an immediate expression through the highly organized and efficient philanthropy of the Rockefeller Foundation. Men trained to deal with problems on a national basis are not ready at hand in every emergency. When such men can be found, backed by almost unlimited wealth, to face such a catastrophe as has devastated the Belgian nation, all the forces that are working towards the relief of the terrible suffering across the seas can take new hope in the progress of their work.

From the Rockefeller Foundation has come a statement of intention from which the following quotation has been taken:

> It having become clear that one of the most terrible and appealing effects of the war will fall upon the non-combatants—those most innocent of any part in the cause or the conduct of the conflict—the Rockefeller Foundation has determined to exert itself to the extent, if necessary, of millions of dollars for the relief of non-combatants in the various countries involved.
>
> This action is taken as a natural step to fulfilling the chartered purposes of the Foundation, namely, "to promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world."
>
> In order to obtain expert opinion as to the time, place, and means of rendering aid most effectively, the Foundation has arranged to send to Europe within the next few days a Commission which shall visit the countries affected and advise us first-hand. The chairman of the Commission will be Mr. Wickliffe Rose, Director-General of the International Health Commission, whose successful experience in organizing the campaign against hookworm disease in various parts of the world peculiarly fits him for the task.
>
> To avoid delay and to provide relief at the earliest possible moment for the suffering people of Belgium the Foundation has chartered the largest neutral ship available in New York

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Harbor, and purchased a full cargo of supplies to be despatched immediately.

OTHER AGENCIES NOT SUPPLANTED

It is not to be understood in any way that the Rockefeller Foundation expects to supplant the efforts of those agencies which have already undertaken the difficult task of bringing succor to broken Belgium. This fact the statement of the Foundation makes very clear. It continues:

This action will but supplement the public-spirited efforts of the Belgian Relief Committee, of which Mr. Robert W. deForest is Chairman. That the necessity is vital and worthy of the heartiest support is indicated by the following cablegrams which, in reply to inquiries, we have received from Mr. Page, the American Ambassador at London:

"Belgians on the verge of starvation. I emphatically regard it most opportune to help. I have never known such a case of need. Committee to distribute food consists of prominent Americans here and influential Belgians in Belgium and American Minister and Consuls in Belgium, all under my direction. British Government forbids export of food, and no food can be bought on Continent. Help needed is food and clothing for women and children.

"It will require a million dollars a month for seven or eight months to prevent starvation. In fact, many will starve now before food can reach them. No food can be bought and exported from any country in Europe. Every dollar you choose to give will save or prolong a human life if you give it quickly enough. No other time will come in any land when there can be greater need. Do not send money. Buy six parts wheat, two parts rice, two parts beans, and ship in neutral ships consigned to American Consul at Rotterdam. Inform me when you ship and I will arrange all diplomatic requirements for landing, for transit to Belgium, and for distribution in small quantities by the Commission of Relief, which as a means of reaching all the people have taken over all grocery stores."

On next Tuesday morning [November 3], therefore, the Massapequa, of the New York and Porto Rico Steamship Company, will sail direct to Rotterdam, Holland, laden with 4,000 tons of supplies, consigned to the American Consul.

The extraordinary need in Belgium is further indicated by the following cablegram received from Mr. H. C. Hoover, of the American Relief Committee in London:

"Have received reports from members of our Commission, from the American Minister in Brussels and from local officials that within three weeks the last vestige of foodstuffs in Belgium will have been exhausted, and the entire population of over seven million people will be faced with starvation. The minimum supply of foodstuffs required amounts to about ninety thousand tons of cereals per month, together with bacon or lard. The minimum monthly expenditure required is from four to five million dollars, of which some part returnable through sales. It therefore appears that the problem of feeding the people of Belgium transcends other Belgian relief. The one function of Americans in Belgian relief is the purchase and despatch of food. We have expended every dollar that we have received in the purchase and despatch of foodstuffs already, and it will take all the funds we can raise here to take care of emergency pending arrival of stuffs from America."

It is obvious that no philanthropic exertion will be too great to relieve the acute suffering of those victims of the war who are innocent of any participation in it.

That the committee of investigation of conditions in Europe is under the head of so efficient and capable an executive as Mr. Wickliffe Rose is ample guarantee to all of the earnestness and the effectiveness with which the mission will be prosecuted.

Ships have gone out from this country before to suffering Europe, carrying supplies to the famine sufferers of Ireland, to the cotton-spinners of England, to India, and to earthquake-stricken Italy, but it can be said that no ship has ever gone upon a more imperious call than that which took the Massapequa from our shores.

THE WAR AND THE McALL MISSION

The fate that has befallen the McAll Mission in France makes a vivid picture of the ravages of war far away from battlefields and burning cities.

Almost all Americans know about the McAll Mission. It was founded in 1872, the year after the Franco-Prussian War, the first service being held in a little hired shop in Belleville. This was so successful that a number of halls were rented, and in time these were succeeded by more ample accommodations. These "plants," as they are called, have developed into centers of all kinds of human assistance and sympathy in neighborhood life. Now there are more than forty McAll Mission institutions; and hundreds of Americans have seen the Salle Centrale and the Maison Verte in Paris. Most of the leaders of this Mission are now in the

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trenches on the battle lines in northern France, and the work of the Mission is being kept up for the most part by the wives and children of the workers who are in the army.

Five of the Paris mission halls have been converted into workrooms for women whom the war has rendered destitute. Two meals a day are provided, and a small sum of money is given to each woman. The Mission workers are on half-pay, which is entirely insufficient, and if the war lasts more than three months it is a question how the workers can live.

Meanwhile the work of the Mission is more necessary than ever. Part of its work has been conducted on two boats that went up and down the little rivers of northern France running through the terrible battle-fields. One of these boats was at Meaux, on the Marne, when the war broke out. With the approach of the Germans towards Paris it was a military necessity to sink all the boats that could help the invaders across the river, and a Mission boat, Le Bon Messager, on whose wide decks in days of peace the Gospel was so often preached, was sunk by a detachment of English troops.

Everywhere in the northern towns the missions have been working to relieve the suffering of the people about them. The iron hand of war crushes everything it touches, and it falls heavily on all institutions which live by public generosity.

OLD AGE AND WAR

Vice-President Marshall's declaration, made some time ago at Wabash College, that the old man is being shoved off the stage everywhere, needs revision, as does the opinion of another Democratic statesman that men over fifty are atrophied and of no use in public affairs. "Failing physical vision," said Vice-President Marshall, "is assumed to mark a like diminution of intellectual sight."

In a field in which old age ought to be a heavy handicap, Mr. Marshall's assumption is strikingly disproved. In the last great war between France and Germany the campaign was planned and led by elderly men. The Emperor William, then King of Prussia, was in his seventy-fourth year; von Moltke, the masterly strategist of the war, was seventy-one years old; General von Roon was sixty-eight; and Bismarck, the master-mind in the larger field, was in his fifty-sixth year.

In the next great war in which high military efficiency was displayed Admiral Togo was approaching his sixtieth year when he took the field; Prince Oyama, the Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese forces in Manchuria, had passed his sixtieth year; Field Marshal Nodzu was sixty-three; Field Marshal Yamagata was sixty-six; General Kuroki was sixty; and General Nogi, who took Port Arthur after a series of desperate conflicts carried on with unflinching energy and almost breathless rapidity, was nearly sixty years of age.

In the present war Lord Kitchener, the organizing genius of the English army, is sixty-four, and Sir John French, commanding the English forces in the field, is sixty-two. When Lord Roberts was sent to South Africa to snatch victory out of defeat under circumstances demanding openness of mind, flexibility, and agility, he was sixty-eight years of age, and to-day, at eighty-two, he is the most striking figure in the English war councils.

On the French side General Joffre, who is steadily gaining in reputation and whose unbending devotion to his work and unwillingness to talk about it put him in a class with Lord Kitchener, is sixty-two; General Pau, who has come to the front of late, is sixty-six, and came out of his retirement to take the second position in authority in the French army; General Castelnau, the third in command, is well advanced in the sixties; and General Gallieni, who is in command of the defenses of Paris, is seventy.

The German armies are also led by a group of elderly men: Count von Huelsen-Haeseler has reached the mature age of seventy-eight; Field Marshal von der Goltz is seventy-one, and has been an authority on military subjects for fifty years; General von Kluck, who has so far been the most prominent commander on the German side, has reached his sixty-eighth year; General von Emmich, who took Liège and has since died, was sixty-six; and General von Hindenburg, who is regarded as the ablest of the German commanders on the eastern frontier, is sixty-seven.

These figures suggest that, while fifty may be the dead line among Democratic statesmen, it appears to be a kind of life line among great leaders abroad.

THE WAR AND IMMIGRATION

With the opening of a war involving the chief sources of American immigration, the

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subject acquires a new interest. The war arrested the flow as abruptly as closing a water-tight gate in a dam would do that of a stream. What the ultimate effect will be it is difficult to forecast, but it is probable that the ebb and flow will be affected for years.

Since rapid intercommunication and transportation became easily accessible to all classes of society, there has been no war comparable with the present one to serve as a guide in framing a prophecy. In the past there was little opportunity for the class that furnishes most of the privates to escape the burdens which recovery from war entails. They had to remain in their places to help pay the cost of reconstruction. But in this age of industrialism, if wages at home are not equal to those abroad, laborers can remove to the more profitable field of employment. It is easier to destroy the mechanism of industry than of agriculture, and it cannot be rebuilt until capital, earned perchance from the most primitive wealth-producing industry, has been raised. Men outside of Russia today cannot, except under military law, be forced to labor in a given spot, provided they have the essential for removal to a more lucrative place of occupation. Will they stay to help build up the prostrated country, or emigrate to countries which have not been devastated by the scythe and torch of modern warfare? The duration of the war, of course, will have some bearing on the answer.

To be sure, even in the direst of national calamities, emigration is not an unmixed evil, for if it removes the able hands, it returns a portion of the wealth it has produced elsewhere.

It will be interesting to observe the effect of the war upon the wage scale of the world, for labor is now a fluid, international commodity. Will it tend to raise wages? There is no immediate need for immigrants either in Canada, the United States, or in the Argentine, the chief countries drawing upon other sections of the world for workers. In Canada and the United States the depressed state of industry has turned the stream back upon itself and reduced the flow materially. The crop condition in Argentina is responsible for a decrease in immigration to that country. Ordinarily 300,000 " birds of passage " go to this land, their transoceanic flight made easy by a one-way rate of $7.50 from Italy.

In view of the situation, what will Congress do? A new element which has temporarily cut off the stream absolutely has been introduced to complicate the problem. Although, undoubtedly, immigration will set in again, it would perhaps be the better part of wisdom to await a clearing of the atmosphere.

THE IMMIGRATION RECORD

Up to January 1, the official year which closed on June 1 promised to be the record one for immigration. On that date the incoming stream of immigrant and non-immigrant aliens had reached the total of 830,744. Usually the immigration for this half of the year is less than fifty per cent of the year's total. It might have been expected, therefore, that the number for the year would be more than 1,600,000. This would have been a record. From January 1 forward, however, the immigration fell off, and the total for the second half of the year was 572,337, two-fifths of the number for the year, which was 1,403,081, a number slightly less than that of 1912–13. Eliminating the non-immigrant aliens—those who have been here before and established a home—the total was 1,218,480.

The exodus since the first of the year has not been equaled for a corresponding period in any year since that following the crisis of October, 1907, while the number entering has fallen to so low a total only once since 1908. The outgoing stream was three-fifths the incoming.

With the exception of Ruthenians and Italians, the only people establishing new records in the year just closed were from the Balkan region and included the Rumanians, Bulgarians, Slavs from Dalmatia, Herzegovina, Bosnia, and Montenegro, and Greeks. Perhaps the record Balkan emigration may be taken as an indication of what may be expected to follow the close of the great European war now waging.

The Italian total of 296,414 (north and south) was to be credited in a large measure to a desire to be on the sure side of the gate should a literacy test be established. Fewer of this race returned home this year than last, a fact which perhaps may be taken as an evidence that they intend to remain as long as possible where literacy tests cannot get at them. More Hebrews came last year than in any year since 1907, the total being 138,051. Comparatively few " birds

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of passage" fluttered hither last spring, but the number of women and children admitted exceeded that of the previous year. A record number of Africans (since the slave days), 8,447, entered, chiefly from the West Indies. In 1904 the number admitted was only 2,380.

The causes for the heavy immigration between July 1 and December 31, 1913, in the face of National legislative conditions such as have usually discouraged immigration, were untoward economic conditions in central Europe and the fear in Italy of the establishment of a literacy test. Usually in recent years the primary motive for immigration has been American demand. As we have seen, industrial conditions here were so unsatisfactory this spring that, bad as they were at home, there was no incentive to emigrate.

If we did not set up a new record in immigration this year, we did in the number debarred. We sent back 33,041, as compared with 19,938 in 1912–13 and 24,270 in 1909–1910, the previous record. Among them were 1,077 idiots, imbeciles, and feeble-minded, 3,254 persons suffering from loathsome or dangerous contagious diseases, 15,705 liable to become public charges (a number twice as great as that of the previous year), 6,537 certified by the surgeons as having physical or mental defects which might affect their capacity to earn a livelihood, and 2,793 contract laborers. With the exception of the number of those liable to become public charges, which was greater by 200 in 1909–10, these are records. It is evident from the increase in the number of mentally affected who were debarred that the facilities for detecting ailments of this nature are being developed. The totals are expanding from year to year. It is a pity that such an army of disappointed human beings are not saved part of the disappointment and loss involved in a futile trans-atlantic journey through the adoption of an effective system of examination at the ports of embarkation.

EDUCATING A NATION ABOUT ITS CHILDREN

The Child Welfare Exhibit has now become a National institution. Wherever such an exhibit is held it instructs the community in what that community is doing for its children; what it is not doing for its children; and what it should do for its children. It shows the relation between the life of the child as a whole and the life of the community as a whole.

In January and February, 1911, the first Child Welfare Exhibit was held in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory of New York. It is estimated that two hundred and fifty thousand people saw this exhibit and ten million people read about it. The Outlook described it at the time. Jane Addams characterized it as a "cross-section of our civilization." The material then exhibited, supplemented by local material, was shown at a second Child Welfare Exhibit given in Chicago a few months later. Then requests from cities wishing Child Welfare Exhibits began to pour in so thick and fast that New York's local committee was swamped and the organization of the National Child Welfare Exhibit Association, with headquarters at 200 Fifth Avenue, New York, became imperative. Since then Kansas City, Rochester, Knoxville, and Atlanta have followed the example of New York and Chicago.

The forthcoming exhibits are to be State instead of city affairs. Mr. Charles F. Powlison, the Executive Secretary of the Association, in a recent tour of the West, found that in the State universities he had an efficient instrument already at hand for carrying a Child Welfare Exhibit to the people of entire States both in city and country. Practically all State universities, particularly in the West, have departments of sociology and extension departments for carrying the university to those taxpayers who cannot come to the university. Since the officers and teachers in these universities are State officials and employees, they can naturally and readily secure the aid and co-operation of the various State departments. For instance, in the State of Indiana an Indiana State Child Welfare Exhibit has been in preparation by the Professor of Sociology in the State University, working through the Extension Division of the University, and in co-operation with the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, the College of Agriculture of Purdue University, the State Board of Charities, the State Bureau of Inspection, the State Library Commission, the State Fire Marshal, and private societies. Similar exhibits are being similarly prepared for the States of Arkansas and Oklahoma.

The States of Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin have agreed through their universities to take the matter

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up as soon as organizations can be sent by the National Child Welfare Exhibit Association to take charge of the work. New York State may be the first of the Eastern States to follow the lead of these Western States. One obvious advantage of this plan is that it is capable of extension until the giving of State child welfare exhibits at appropriate intervals shall be looked upon as a regular and essential part of the extension work of every State university. Perhaps nothing could do more to develop the greatest resource of the United States—its children.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN COMMERCE

On October 11, 1614, the States General of Holland granted to several merchants of Amsterdam and Hoorn the exclusive privilege of trading with the Indians in New Netherland, the region which is now New York City and vicinity. This was the beginning of the regularly chartered commerce of New York.

Although other parts of the territory now the United States had been settled before that year—notably St. Augustine, Florida, and Jamestown, Virginia—they had developed no systematic commerce worth mentioning up to that time. Thus 1914 is the tricentennial of the establishment of the regularly chartered commerce of the United States.

The duty or pleasure of celebrating this event has been left largely to the people of New York City and State. A Citizens' Committee appointed by the late Mayor Gaynor of New York has grown into the New York Commercial Tercentenary Commission, which includes, as ex-officio members, the mayors of all the cities of the State and the presidents of all the incorporated villages of the valley that bears the name of the intrepid Hudson.

Unlike the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, in 1909, the present movement emphasizes the commercial and industrial aspects of American life, although the historical and intellectual sides of the anniversary have been recognized by numerous pageants and festivals in the schools and parks of greater New York. Thus far, however, the chief features in the long programme of the Tercentenary have been an Automobile Pageant on October 28 and a Commercial Pageant on October 31.

It is fitting that this tricentennial of American commerce should coincide with the opening of the Panama Canal. The westward passage to the Orient, which the early explorers sought in vain, has now been created by twentieth-century science and determination. As the New York Tercentenary Commission points out, "We thus have a period of three hundred years of American history sharply defined by two conspicuous events—at one end the beginning of the chartered commerce of New Netherland, which was the forerunner of the greater commerce of the Nation; at the other end, the opening of the Panama Canal, which is the consummation of the hitherto unattained hopes of centuries, and which is destined vastly to increase the commerce of the port of New York and the Nation as time goes on."

A MONUMENT TO JACOB A. RIIS

As our readers know, we deeply shared in the universal respect and affection which was felt in this country for Jacob A. Riis. Few native Americans were more sincerely patriotic, more profoundly devoted to its institutions and social welfare, than he. And he was an immigrant! His untimely death was in no small part caused by the self-sacrificing expenditure of his time, strength, and money for the benefit of his fellow-citizens of all conditions of life. It is a commendatory practice in this country to make an effort to build material monuments in honor of American patriots, although some of these monuments are often not as commendable in their form as in their idea. Fortunately in the case of Jacob Riis it is not necessary to build a monument. He designed and partly built one before his death, on lines which can be enlarged and strengthened as time goes on. It is the Jacob A. Riis Neighborhood Settlement.

Dr. Jane E. Robbins, the head worker of the Settlement, informs us that, owing partly to the financial condition of the country, perhaps, and partly to the fact that Mr. Riis is no longer here to plead for the work, the income from voluntary contributions has greatly decreased. She rightly feels that when this fact is brought to the attention of the small army of Mr. Riis's unknown friends throughout the country, the deficiencies will be made good. Mr. Roosevelt used to say, "Taking all his qualities into consideration, Jacob Riis is the best American citizen I know." This was a fine tribute from a man whose forebears had lived three centuries in this country to a fellow-man who came to these shores in

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the steerage. We gladly print the following appeal which Dr. Robbins sends us.

"*Dear Reader of The Outlook:*

"The dirty-faced little rascal of to-day with stone in hand can by your help become in five years a manly young fellow in a responsible position. What he needs is 'to cut the gang.' Back of every boy who makes the proud boast, 'Not one of you fellows has anything on me,' is the thankful old mother or the bright-eyed sister made happy by the boy's success. One good father had tears in his eyes as he watched his son go through his drill in the gymnasium. We have 500 boys like him in the gymnasium and in our clubs learning to live up to Riis House standards. Will you help us in our fight to keep this 'perfectly good' boy from being spoiled by the street?

"The homelike social dances, with their good cheer and wholesome fun, have meant more to the young people than you can possibly imagine. The working-girls spend themselves at their tasks by day and they want a good time at night. A bright, attractive room appeals to their youth and to their unconscious love of beauty. The music, the games, the amateur dramatics, find a ready response, and peals of girlish laughter float out from their pleasant club-rooms.

"The children think the roof garden is theirs, and spend many happy hours there, free from the perils of the city street, swinging contentedly to and fro or playing their ring-around games.

"Come some afternoon to visit one of the six mothers' clubs who meet with us. At the Fresh-Air Home, as we came to know these patient, hard-working, or ambitious mothers, we felt that we were spending the summer with a set of heroines. I know you would like to help these mothers.

"To-day is a time of sacrifice for love of country, and we need you more than ever before in our patriotic work for these new Americans. Contributions for Thanksgiving and Christmas may be sent addressed to the Treasurer, Jacob A. Riis Neighborhood Settlement, 48 Henry Street, New York City."

THE DRUG HABIT AND THE LAW

Apparently it is generally admitted by medical experts that the use of habit-forming drugs has greatly increased in the United States within the past five or six years. The prices of these drugs for legitimate use are now about twice what they were six years ago because of the great expansion in the sale of drugs for illicit purposes. In New York State awakening public recognition of the injury that was being done to the community by the drug habit led to the adoption of the measure commonly known as the Boylan Law. As this measure has now been in force since July 1, 1914, and as it is probably the best piece of legislation on this subject ever secured in this country, a résumé of the law and an account of what it has accomplished have general interest.

The main provisions of the Boylan Law are as follows:

(1) All drug dealers, physicians, dentists, and veterinarians must use official order blanks in making purchases of opium, morphine, heroin, codein, or other dangerous, habit-forming drugs, and must keep record of purchases and sales.

(2) In filling prescriptions containing any of these drugs a certificate must be issued containing names of doctor, druggist, and patient.

(3) Mere possession of any of these drugs without this certificate is a misdemeanor.

(4) Addicts may be committed by magistrates to hospitals where they can have medical treatment.

The last provision is a very important one, for, as is well said by Mr. Charles B. Towns, an authority on drugs and the effects of their improper use, who drew up the Boylan Bill: "To deprive a drug addict of his drug without giving him definite medical help inevitably will subject him to such suffering, such incredible and indescribable torment, as cannot otherwise be brought upon mankind." The truth of this statement is evidenced by the fact that the drug wards of hospitals in some of the large cities of New York State have had an unprecedented number of applicants since the Boylan Law went into effect. Unable to get their beloved "dope," many gunmen, gamblers, prostitutes, and other denizens of New York City's underworld have appeared at the city's hospitals and clamored for treatment. The law is considered an excellent police measure, and during the months of July, August, and September New York City's special "Drug Squad" of police has made 409 arrests and secured 236 convictions, with 91 cases still pending.

The public is only beginning to realize the

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menace of the increasing prevalence of the drug habit. One probable beneficial result of the passage of the Boylan Law will be the passage of similar laws in neighboring States, for, if these States do not thus protect themselves, they will become the dumping-ground for the " drug fiends " of New York's underworld forced to flee from that State. Before State legislation on this subject can reach its greatest effectiveness, however, Congress must act. The State experts who have studied the drug problem say that it is " absolutely essential that an accurate accounting should be made to the Federal Government of all importation, manufacture, and inter-State traffic in habit-forming drugs."

TURKEY AND THE WAR

Turkey's participation in the world war would seem at first sight to be the supreme act of folly.

Once a great Empire, Turkey threatened to overwhelm Europe with Mohammedan ideas, manners of life, and type of character. The Turkish Empire attained power the extent of which it is hard for us of the twentieth century to imagine. Professor Hart's article on " The Sultans," which is printed in this issue of The Outlook, recounts graphically the rise of that great power. Turkey of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was the great exemplar of *Machtpolitik*—the doctrine that " might makes right "—and Turkey's policy of power was reinforced and sustained by the Mohammedan religion. To the resistance against the Turks maintained through generations by the peoples of eastern Europe we owe to-day what we have of European civilization and what we have of free institutions. Gradually the Turk was driven back, and for years he retained his Empire solely on the sufferance of those European Powers that found it to their own advantage to keep him on the throne. Then came the Balkan War, and not even the self-interest of the European Powers could save Turkish dominion in Europe from crumbling almost to the point of utter destruction. The Turkish Empire is scarcely a shadow of its former self. So wretched has it become that its only defense has been, in fact, its utter weakness. Why should such a nation allow itself to be flung into a conflict which may involve the ruin even of mighty Powers?

It would seem, perhaps, as if by flattery and by promises Turkey had been persuaded to lend itself to German schemes. There has been no secret concerning Germany's ambition in the East and consequent effort to influence Turkey. The proverbial wealth of the Orient can be approached by Germany only on a route that passes through what is or has been Turkish territory. The same Kaiser who has issued his warning against the yellow peril of Asia has been willing to employ to the interest of the policies of his own Empire the power of Asia which is nearest to Europe.

There are reasons, however, which might well have influenced Turkey in deciding to enter the European conflict when the situation is seen from the Turkish point of view. For years the hunter has been hunted; the Turkish Empire that once was aggressive has been furtively seeking protection against the aggression of others. For more than a hundred years Turkey has expected and dreaded an invasion from Russia. That great Slavic Empire, tardily emerging from mediævalism and retaining primitive virtues with primitive defects, has sought an outlet to the common highway of the sea. Her natural course has been to find that way to the Mediterranean by way of Constantinople. It was this southward pressure of the Russian forces that was resisted by England, France, Sardinia, and Turkey in the Crimean War. It was this same southward pressure that was resisted successfully by Bismarck at the making of the Treaty of Berlin, when Russia was compelled after 1878 to forfeit the best fruits of its campaign. As a matter of fact, the boundary line in the Caucasus has been forced southwards after each war, and the Turks have felt the ominous pressure. Even with the Bosphorus in the enemy's hands, Odessa has become the greatest seaport of Russia. Moreover, apart from the natural desire for an open way to the Mediterranean, there has been actuating Russia a religious feeling. Constantinople, in its origin and early history a Christian city and the seat of the Eastern Church, seems to be inviting the head of one branch of that Church, the Russian Czar, to come back to his own, and to win once more for Christendom Constantinople and its historic churches. So during the nineteenth century, while Russia has been expanding, the Turkish territories have been contracting on every side. The Turks have thus been made to feel that some time these aggressions must be checked. Encouraged by the fact that Japan, an Asiatic

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nation, was able to defeat Russia, Turkey has come to believe that surely Allah would enable the Turkish armies to beat back the Muscovites and would strengthen the borders of the Empire of Islam.

And not only on the Russian side has Turkey felt its losses and its perils, but it also has been forced to see its power and influence wane through the domination of Egypt by England, of Morocco by France, and of Tripoli by Italy.

Of all the nations in Europe there is now but one which appears in the guise of a savior to Turkey. This has been the German Empire. The Turks have not forgotten the Kaiser's speech at Damascus in the nineties after he had visited the tomb of Salah-ed-din. He declared himself the protector of Ottoman and Mohammedan interests. In Baalbek he caused a marble tablet to be erected, commemorating his Imperial progress through the country and the restoration of the Roman ruins. The same year a treaty was signed authorizing the building of a railway from Constantinople to Bagdad by a German-controlled company. Neither have the Turks forgotten what the German Ambassador said at Constantinople toward the close of the Balkan War. Speaking to the Germania Club, he said: "Whatever may be determined as the possessions of the European provinces of Turkey, the time has now come when the Fatherland may attach to the Asiatic provinces the warning, 'Touch me not.'" These emphatic hints to the other nations of Europe have aroused hopes in the hearts of the Turks that with Germany's aid the losses of the Italian and Balkan wars might be retrieved.

And now they see their hereditary enemy, Russia, occupied in a war with this German Empire that has announced itself to be the protector of Mohammedan interests. They see England, the overlord in the former Turkish territory of Egypt, and France, a master in the Mohammedan region of northern Africa, arrayed also against this German protector of Islam and the Ottoman interests. Italy, Turkey's recent enemy, and Greece, the conqueror of Turkish islands and Turkish mainland, Turkey likewise sees in sympathy with the enemies of its German ally. And the opportunity seems ripe from one point of view of confounding these ancient foes by joining with the great War Lord and his mighty forces. The spirit of the German military leader seems kindred with that ancient aggressive spirit of the Turkey that once made Europe tremble. The *Machtpolitik* of Germany in the twentieth century is perhaps appealing to an element in the Turkish Empire that remembers what the Turks were in the fifteenth century.

There has been, too, the bond of financial interest between Turkey and Germany.

It is, then, perhaps not unnatural that the military party in Turkey, who glory in Turkey's past prestige, should listen to German promises and German advice, and find it natural to enter into this war on Germany's side. And it is the military Turk who is in power in Turkey to-day. There is ample evidence to show that the man whose personality dominates the situation in Turkey to-day is Enver Pasha, who is better known as Enver Bey. Last spring, in recognition of his services to the nation, he was made a Pasha by the decree of the Sultan. His early training was in the German military schools, and for some time he served as military attaché in the Turkish Embassy at Berlin. His mind became saturated with German ideas and methods, and upon his return to Turkey he ardently advocated everything German. Enver Bey and Niazi Bey carried through the remarkably rapid movements of the revolution of July, 1908, compelling Sultan Abdul-Hamid to grant a constitution, and establishing the Committee of Union and Progress as the ruling power in Ottoman affairs. These men became the popular heroes, the defenders of the liberties and rights of the fatherland. Young, spirited, energetic, and intensely patriotic, these two men dominated the current of events. Through a treacherous plot Niazi Bey was shot. Mahmoud Shevket Pasha, another strong leader who was serving as Minister of War, was assassinated. These facts have made Enver Bey, now Pasha, all the more the hero of the army and of the nation. He has become the powerful head of the war party in the Cabinet, and as War Minister may have the final word in deciding Turkey's action. During these days of high tension he has been escorted constantly by six officers with revolvers ready for use. He is supported by a group of high-spirited, able army officers, and by those Cabinet members, like Talaat Bey, who are conspicuously identified with the Committee of Union and Progress—that is, with the Young Turk party.

It is these aggressive Young Turks who

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brought about the reforms of a few years ago that were hailed as a sign of Turkey's regeneration. It is these Young Turks who a few weeks ago announced the abrogation of the so-called Capitulations—those privileges allowed to foreigners which have made the Turks feel that they were inferiors in the sight of the other nations. The spirit that brought about those earlier reforms and the spirit that has impelled the Turks to abrogate these Capitulations is the same—the desire to raise Turkey to a higher place of respect. As one of the leading dailies of Constantinople, the "Tanin," in an editorial on September 10, said: "The Capitulations were to us an outrage and a humiliation and a means to the most dangerous misery, at a time when all other nations were going ahead. . . . To-day we are happy; for the Government has wiped out the ancient black stain. Henceforth we are free; we can labor and progress like the rest of the race. Henceforth the Westerner must pay taxes like ourselves; he will be amenable to the same law courts; in short, we can say henceforth that we too are men! The date that marks the ending of the system of Capitulations should be celebrated equally with July 23 [the day of the 1908 revolution]. Our sons must keep the day, and always remember that their fathers on September 9 definitely emancipated the fatherland. Long live free Turkey!"

It is this same spirit that has impelled the military element in the Young Turk party toward open co-operation with Germany in this war. It is true that the Young Turk party is divided into two factions, the one interested mainly in internal reforms, the other interested mainly in outward prestige. But both factions are animated by the common purpose of raising Turkey in the ranks of the nations.

It must not be supposed, however, that Turkey is a unit in this. The great mass of the Turkish people are not interested in national prestige, just as they were not interested in the internal reforms. They know little about the issues in this war. One thing, however, they do know. They know the hardships of military service, and to-day they are suffering from the hardships of mobilization. There are, it is reported, at the present time more men under arms than at any time during the Balkan War. There are thousands without food. Soldiers in camp coming supplied with rations for five days have gone twice that length of time without new supplies of food. American missionaries have helped to feed the starving troops. There is, therefore, the best of reasons why the Turkish people, apart from Enver Pasha's following, do not wish war.

And yet there are influences at work to bring popular support, if we may use that term of such a country as Turkey, to the policies of the war party. Although economic conditions in Turkey are at a bad pass, and although the grip of the Mohammedan religion is not as strong on the minds of the people as it once was, the stroke of diplomacy by which the Capitulations were abrogated was of the sort to enlist enthusiasm and patriotism; and while patriotism ran high and the Ambassadors were puzzled by this declaration of independence from the Porte, it was not difficult to get the Deputies in the Turkish Parliament to vote funds for mobilization. Moreover, the German promises were plausible. In providing for the building of the Bagdad Railway Germany has been acute. In order to persuade the Turks that this road was not a foreign incursion, articles were inserted in the German-Turkish treaty stating that after ninety-nine years the road should pass into the hands of the Turkish Government, and that from the first the name of the road should be the Ottoman Imperial Bagdad Railway. Then, too, the Turkish war party believes that if now Turkey goes with Germany at the hour of need, Germany in gratitude will not ride rough-shod over Turkey's national rights and aspirations, but will recognize Turkey as an ally, to be honored and perpetuated as a nation.

Thus Turkey is divided in sentiment and purpose. On the one hand, Enver Pasha and the military party trust in German promises, and hope that by entering into the war Turkey will at least be enabled to maintain some semblance of sovereignty in her present territory and perhaps regain something of what she has lost. On the other side is the Grand Vizier, who is opposed to the war, and has sought to prevent what he regards as a catastrophe. Finally, Turkey is on the edge of bankruptcy. It has been finally voted, for example, by the Deputies in Parliament to divert the entire appropriation for education for the coming year to pay the interest on the loan contracted to meet the Balkan War expenditures. On the one side Turkey sees the oncoming power of Russia.

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On the other side she sees a possible refuge in the promises and inducements of Germany.

There ought to be no surprise, therefore, that Turkey's entrance into the war should be signalized by hesitation and contradiction. The once great Ottoman Empire may be said to be at its wits' ends.

By going into this war it would seem almost certain that Turkey had signed her own death warrant. But if she were not to go into the war, what chance of life would there be for her? Rather than have other nations sign her death warrant, perhaps she has chosen to sign it herself.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE ELECTION

The elections throughout the country last week unmistakably register a setback for the Democratic party. In different localities there were different subsidiary causes for this repulse. In New York State, for example, thousands of voters were, in our judgment, actuated by a desire to strike Tammany Hall and ignored what the effect would be on the National Administration. Connecticut and Pennsylvania, and to some extent the President's own State of New Jersey, are manufacturing States which have always been peculiarly susceptible to the appeal of a high tariff. It may further be said by those who contended that the repulse does not imply a serious Democratic defeat that there always is in the middle of the term of a new President a reaction against him.

But the reduction of a Democratic majority in Congress of nearly one hundred and fifty to the slenderest of margins can be explained only by the fact that the country at large was determined to record its protest against some policy of the Administration.

We believe that it is the policy and attitude of the President and his Administration towards business, or, if you choose, "big business," which has thus been singled out for protest. The Outlook has steadily protested against it since the inauguration of Mr. Wilson in 1913, as is indicated by the following letter received some time before the election from a correspondent in Minnesota:

> For several years I have been a firm believer in The Outlook. For a long time I have denied the contention of several of my friends that The Outlook was no longer an impartial paper in whose columns one could look with all confidence for guidance, and that it was now nothing more than the prejudiced organ of a political party; but I can deny this contention no longer.
>
> I believe I can truthfully state that the greater part of the people of this city have a deep admiration for President Wilson. They feel that his fight is their fight and his enemies are their enemies. Believing this, what shall one do who finds foremost among these enemies The Outlook? Surely he can at least register his wish that The Outlook become again the advocate of principles *per se* and not per any one political party. He can protest against the use of the columns of the paper he honors for the purpose of insidiously attempting to destroy an ennobling influence which a great man has justly earned over the hearts and minds of the American people.

We share in the admiration of our correspondent for President Wilson's personality and character. He is a man of unquestioned integrity, intellectual superiority, and genuine patriotism. But his attitude of mind and his official action with regard to industry and business have already brought the country into serious difficulties, and, if pursued, are likely to bring us into difficulties still greater.

Mr. Wilson appears to believe—certainly his policies are based on the belief—that big business men are to be considered guilty until they are proved innocent; that combinations in business, sometimes miscalled trusts, are evil and indefensible; and that they should be broken up into their component parts or small units.

Is this interpretation of Mr. Wilson's view unjust? Consider the following passages from Chapters IX and XI of Mr. Wilson's "The New Freedom," published only a year ago, and up to the present moment uncontradicted by him:

> We have come to be one of the worst-ruled, one of the most completely controlled and dominated, governments in the civilized world—no longer a government by free opinion, no longer a government by conviction and the vote of the majority, but a government by the opinion and the duress of small groups of dominant men.
>
> If the Government is to tell big business men how to run their business, then don't you see that big business men have to get closer to the Government even than they are now? Don't you see that they must capture the Government, in order not to be restrained too much by it? Must capture the Government? They have already captured it.

> What most of us are fighting for is to break up this very partnership [that is, the industrial

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Commission proposed by the Progressive party] between big business and the Government. We call upon all intelligent men to bear witness that if this plan were consummated [that is, the plan to regulate industrial combinations] the great employers and capitalists of the country would be under a more overpowering temptation than ever to take control of the Government and keep it subservient to their purpose.

We ought, nevertheless, to realize the seriousness of our situation. That seriousness consists, singularly enough, not in the malevolence of the men who preside over our industrial life, but in their genius and in their honest thinking. These men believe that the prosperity of the United States is not safe unless it is in their keeping. If they were dishonest, we might put them out of business by law; since most of them are honest, we can put them out of business only by making it impossible for them to realize their genuine convictions. I am not afraid of a knave. I am not afraid of a rascal. I am afraid of a strong man who is wrong, and whose wrong thinking can be impressed upon other persons by his own force of character and force of speech.

The small men of this country are not deluded, and not all of the big business men of this country are deluded. . . . And we—we who are not great captains of industry or business—shall do them more good than we do now, even in a material way.

The reasonable interpretation of these passages is that the President discriminates between the big business man and the small business man, between the "great captains of industry or business and the rest of us."

With this policy of class discrimination in industry and business we wholly disagree, and the result of the election leads us to believe that the number of those who share in this disagreement is increasing.

Badness is not a necessary element of bigness. A big business man may be one of the most efficient and useful of citizens. The whole tendency of civilization is towards combination and co-operation, and no amount of legislation, however sincere and well meant, can force us back into the bygone era of competitive individualism. Industrial combinations may be of the greatest public service. They should be regulated and controlled, not destroyed. The country, we believe, wishes strict regulation, but it wishes impartial regulation. This, it seems to us, is the chief lesson of the election.

SHALL AMERICAN CHILDREN PAY FOR THE WAR?

The Chicago "Daily News" prints two pictures which convey the very essence of the tragedy of the war. In the upper picture war is represented by a massive figure with a treasure chest in front of him to which poor peasants are bringing their coins, with the figures $55,000,000 a day. Below is a picture of an army of children embarking for the United States, and over them is the placard, "War debt, $???,000,000,000, to be paid by the coming generation."

That is only part of the story—the European part. There is an American part also; for the war has touched, or will touch, the pocket of every man, woman, and child in America. It has diminished income; it has vastly increased obligation. Every country in Europe holds out invisible hands of need to this country; and this generous, fruitful continent has no choice nor desire save to respond to the utmost. It has been the ideal of America to be the helper of the human race, and now in the most direct way it has the greatest opportunity in its history. Every American ought to feel it not only a duty but a joy to help Europe in this fearful crisis; but a good many people are saying that the demand for help for those who are actually suffering must take precedence of all other needs, and that money must be diverted from educational uses in this country to feed the starving peoples abroad. In other words, American children must pay for the European war.

Is it just to lay this appalling burden on the children in America, who must depend for education and care on the generosity of the country? Is it fair to make the poor children of America pay the price of lessened opportunity for education? Must they, too, bear this load in the years to come? No. Not one dollar ought to be withdrawn from the support of schools and institutions which are caring for American children; not one donor to this pressing need ought to withdraw his support in this crisis. Here, for instance, is the New York Kindergarten Association, spending nearly eighty thousand dollars a year to take the children of the slums out of the street and in the most sensitive and critical years sow the seeds of integrity, decency, and intelligence in their lives. Ought these children to pay for the European war? There are thousands of children in charitable

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schools, in homes, in institutions of all kinds, intelligently and faithfully cared for, that they may lead honorable lives and become honorable citizens. Ought they to bear the burden of the European war?

Except in very few cases there is no collision of duties here. Americans ought to give to the uttermost to meet the needs of Europe, and they ought to give to the uttermost to meet the needs at home. The stricken Belgian child, homeless and often parentless, ought to be fed by American generosity; and the poor American child ought to be cared for by American generosity. The solution of the problem is not to postpone one generosity to another, but to accept both. It is not a time for retrenchment in giving; it is a time for greater generosity. It is a time for denial of self, not for the denial of others.

This is not a European war only. It is a world crisis. America is just as much involved in it in the moral sense, and even in the financial sense, as if an ocean did not divide us from the battlefields; and America must take the discipline of this tragic moral experience. She cannot stand outside and fold her arms; she has no disposition to do so. She must deny herself and take up her cross and bear it cheerfully and gladly for the sake of One who bore his cross for all men, and to whom little children were sacred. Let us double our gifts. American children must not pay for the European war.

THY NEIGHBOR'S OX

The commandment "Thou shalt not covet" may be said to cover a multitude of sins. "Nor anything that is his" is broad enough and sweeping enough to satisfy the most persistent of loophole-hunting lawyers. Yet, after all, a special pleader for the imagination might find it in his province to ask dispensation for an occasional trespass.

Evidently the commandment itself was written for farmers, for among the articles specifically tabooed to the covetous are two that distinctly belong to the land—and one without which the land is scarcely worth the having. There may have been more in this than meets the first glance, for there are indications that the commandment deals with a temptation to which farmers are particularly exposed; farmers—a folk forever confined within boundaries that limit their plowshares yet perpetually invite the eye. Of the strength of this temptation Horace had more than an inkling when he prayed that he might never find it in his heart to send up to the gods the wish, "Oh, if that neighboring spot were added which now disfigures my little field!" The American farmer who still more succinctly expressed his desires by "All I want is what jines me," yielded to his wandering thoughts almost without a struggle. And there was once a king who longed for a neighbor's vineyard and got it.

The king is not to be defended, the modesty of the farmer not to be overestimated, nor is the self-restraint of the poet to be passed by without praise where praise is due. Yet in the instinct behind the action of farmer, poet-farmer, and gentleman-farmer-king there may by judicious search be found a common element not to be despised.

When a bad case is before the court of popular judgment, it is at least wise for the defendant to put his best foot forward, and Horace may be taken as the best foot in the case of "Thou shalt sometime be permitted to covet thy neighbor's field" *versus* the Ten Commandments.

Let us suppose that Horace, secure in the possession of his portion of land, his garden, his never-failing spring of water, and his little grove of trees, has cast his eyes beyond the metes and boundaries of his own farm, to where, into the symmetry of his holding, juts a ragged spur of alien soil.

Even with all the resources of his own imagination ready at mind, should he have denied himself the pleasure of mentally farming this neighbor land? Putting aside the delights to be won from the game of straightening one's boundaries until they include a large share of the habitable globe as too material a pleasure, there still would have existed for him a very fertile realm of fancy and satisfaction across the forbidden boundary ditch.

If his farming operations went astray, could he not have taken comfort in knowing how much better he could have handled the acres he did not own? Could not Horace, watching his neighbor's slaves as they laboriously planted the individual clumps of alfalfa, have justifiably laid the flattering unction to his soul that on his own farm there existed no such unorthodox spacing of plants as could be laid to the door of the blundering workers across the way?

What if, instead of a cultivated field, the jutting soil of his neighbor's farm harbored

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only clumps of rushes unexplored save by water-fowl and vagrant boys? If a surly neighbor, made sullen by the increasing incursions of city folk from Rome, denied him access to this garden wilderness, must Horace therefore have denied himself that chiefest of pleasures that comes from the untasted and the unknown? All the secret places, the silent pools, and the lurking shadows of every dog-guarded field were his for the thinking. Imagination, stimulated by denial, has every right to run riot through many places where wet feet and barked shins are the sole reward of the visitor in the flesh.

Pride in one's own possessions even at the expense of the opinion we hold of our neighbor's is not wholly an ignoble emotion if taken in moderate doses. On the other hand, some time history may discover that Naboth lost his vineyard solely because he chose to dispute with his king the proper method of pruning his grapes. With entire propriety, however, we may reserve to ourselves the right to covet a joy which vanishes with the possession of its source. Those who own the lakes, the mountains, and the streams by the right and power of a pen-marked paper are not to be envied by those who hold these things in fee through the imagination. Alexander sighing for more worlds to conquer was immeasurably poorer than a man who holds in his heart the unseen beauty of a single thicket across his neighbor's fence.

THE THINKER ON THE STAGE

The memorial of Edwin Booth, the design for which The Outlook gives its readers this week, is to be placed in Gramercy Park, one of the most attractive of New York's smaller parks, near the Players Club, of which he was the founder. It shows the great actor in one of his characteristic attitudes. Above all the players of his time, he was the thinker on the stage; those who saw him in "Hamlet" will always feel that they have seen the most impressive and appealing of all the Shakespearean figures. For Booth seemed to be born for the part, as Miss Maude Adams was born to bring Sir James Barrie's women and children out of fairyland and make them the companions of happy hours in the theater.

The Hamlet of Shakespeare bears traces of the rude age in which Hamlet was born, but the transforming touch of the great dramatist has given him princely dignity and graciousness. Othello has far more dramatic directness, because his character is simple and he is the easy victim of craft and subtlety; Macbeth stands out with more distinctness because he is impelled by a single passion reinforced and driven on by the stronger personality beside him; Lear is more elemental, and moves on a stage over which the cosmic forces seem to play. Among these passionate and powerful figures Hamlet seems remote and detached—a spirit brooding while his fellows act, plunged in meditation while they draw the sword with an impulse which knows no pause of uncertainty.

Hamlet must think his problem out, and, steeped in meditation as he moves about in an atmosphere which makes his very soul ill, his personal problem takes on the magnitude of life. He must see his way clearly because he is dealing with the whole order of things, and his personal perplexity is part of the universal mystery. When a thinker reaches his decision, his action is often more sweeping in its destructiveness than the action that springs from primitive impulse and spends itself in a single thrust. At the end Hamlet sweeps the stage with the fury of a tropical storm.

Thought invests a man with dignity as with a garment woven out of the substance of his own nature. Meditation makes for courtesy, for the refinement of bearing and manner which are born of wide charity of thought in dealing with one's fellows. Booth's Hamlet moved through a crude and violent age like a man of a later time; the ripeness of a richer and gentler age made him conspicuously the gentleman among Shakespeare's men of tragic fate. Edwin Booth had the indefinable quality of distinction. He was always the thinker bred to the finer uses of life, shaped to its most delicate customs. His nature and his art were in happy accord. Those who knew him loved him for a chivalry that made him gentle and brave and sweet in a life as full of tragedy as the dramas with which his name is associated.

His figure, standing in one of the quiet places of the noisy city, will teach a later generation that art and life may speak with one voice, and courage and strength may give sadness a winning sweetness.

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TSINGTAO, A KEY TO EMPIRE

THE GERMAN-JAPANESE STRUGGLE IN CHINA

BY G. L. HARDING

LATE CORRESPONDENT IN CHINA FOR THE LONDON "DAILY TELEGRAPH"

BESIDE the thundering artillery of Europe, knocking to pieces the boundaries of the known world, the bombardment of Germany's outpost of empire at Tsingtao, even though Tsingtao ranks on the China coast as a second Port Arthur, sounds in our ears like an insignificant skirmish, the trifling by-product of a great war. And so it would be if Tsingtao were all there is at stake. But the Japanese have not entered the world war for the sake of a trifling skirmish. They see in Tsingtao something more than a German fortress, and in Kiaochau Bay something more than a base from which the Germans might harry the Oriental trade of Japan and her allies. Japan sees, and the world will see in time, that in the beleaguered hills that surround Tsingtao there is the key to unsuspected empire.

The Germans know this, for they have built up the potentialities of Tsingtao step by step. Tsingtao is a place whose history dates from the present and belongs to the present. Its capture belongs to that amazing year of spoils, 1898, when every major Power in Europe went in for plunder along the Chinese coast and seized territory which has dominated ever since the course of events in eastern Asia. It was then, among other events, that Russia staked everything on the bold hazard of Port Arthur; that England appropriated the naval base of Weihaiwei, just round the beak of Shantung province from Tsingtao; and France seized Kwangchau, the most valuable harbor south of Canton. And as for ourselves, we saw the lengthening shadow of European power in the Pacific, and made good our foothold in the Philippines.

But of all the strokes for the furthering of empire accomplished during this memorable year, certainly the most dramatic was Germany's acquisition of Tsingtao. We know now that Russia had designs of her own there. It was Baron von Richtoven, Germany's wandering geographer and the author of the most voluminous book on China ever written by a European, however, who "saw" Tsingtao first. He urged enthusiastically in his book and in a memorable interview with the Kaiser that Shantung was the ideal province, and Kiaochau Bay the ideal foothold in that province, for a German sphere of influence. The place was then a shallow, silt-laden bay bordered by a few unpromising fishing settlements, and the Russians, who were leisurely taking soundings and making a slipshod general survey, openly scouted the far-sighted diplomacy which had sent them there first. The Germans made their soundings, not at Kiaochau, but at Peking. Germany had been one of the Powers that had helped to force Japan to give back to China the Liaotung Peninsula, including Port Arthur, which Japan had demanded as her rightful booty from the war of 1895. This interference, as we see now, Japan has never forgiven, but it opened a way to Germany's aggression then which she could not resist. Germany's interference on China's behalf was used as a pretext to exact compensation; and the compensation was to be Kiaochau.

The Chinese could not resist; they could only delay. It was the first encroachment by a European nation on their mainland, and with what little diplomatic resources they had left they fought desperately. But all the world knows of the sensational opportunity which fate presented to the Germans in the autumn of 1897. Two Roman Catholic priests of German nationality were set upon and murdered by a mob in this very province of Shantung. Bishop Anzer flashed the news to Peking, and Baron von Heyking, the German Minister, at once got into communication with the Friedrichstrasse. There was a day's interval, then back came the order that gave Baron von Heyking his cue. For brusque opportunism in seizing a situation it stands with Bismarck's handling of the telegram of Ems. "Ask for the most exacting reparation," it ran, "and be satisfied with nothing!"

The Chinese made a last attempt to temporize, but on November 14, 1897, a German squadron put into Kiaochau Bay and settled the matter in their direct European way by hoisting the German flag over the town of Tsingtao, where a camp of German marines had already been established a year before. The treaty followed in due course, and in the five articles finally ratified on March 6, 1898, every important right over the territory that German patience could

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conceive of was abrogated from Chinese control. Not only were the sixty-odd square miles of Tsingtao and its vicinity made over outright, but a semicircular line thirty-five miles beyond Tsingtao from coast to coast, bounding a "sphere of interest," a term of infinitely flexible meaning, brought the total leased territory up to almost two hundred square miles. Other directly stated "spheres of interest" included a strip of land fifteen miles wide along a projected railway line to the provincial capital at Tsinanfu, mining rights at Weihsien and Poshan, with clauses to cover any places which might look more desirable, and, indeed, the acknowledgment of a humiliating suzerainty over the whole province of Shantung. The Germans stipulated, and they have held China strictly to their word ever since, that no industrial or commercial operation whatsoever was to be undertaken in this vast province, half as large as the Kingdom of Prussia itself, unless the Germans had first call on furnishing the capital and all the perquisites of patronage and control which this kind of mortgage in possession gives throughout the Far East. Add to this that, under the provisions of a mere lease, the Germans also acquired the right to build dock-yards and barracks at their own free will, and assumed the right to intrench themselves on Chinese territory behind fortifications rivaling those of Port Arthur, and China's penalty for the acts of an irresponsible mob, who were later successfully rounded up and justly punished by the native authorities, seems to have been exacted with an unusually ruthless completeness.

So it was, then, that Germany made good her promised foothold of empire at Tsingtao. The Germans have never boasted of their exploit, but, on the other hand, they have never sought to excuse it by high-sounding phrases about their "mission to China." Ex-Commissioner Rohrbach, of German Southwest Africa, puts Germany's candid colonial point of view in an inimitable sentence from his book on "The German Colonies," accredited from the most exalted stations. Could German aggression be more pithily or frankly admitted than in his words? "*In order to appease the sensibilities of the Chinese*," he says, "the arrangement was looked upon simply in the light of a lease for ninety-nine years."

Now, with eighty-three years still to run, this lease seems on the point of being as arbitrarily terminated, and by that same irrepressible nation which spiked the Russian "arrangement" made later in the same year about Port Arthur. In the present collapse of the *status quo* in China no one can venture to predict what the Japanese will do with Tsingtao if they succeed in capturing it. But one must face the fact now that what becomes of Tsingtao is going to be of incalculable importance to eastern Asia, and to all the nations that have interests therein. For Tsingtao, unlike Port Arthur, is more than a mere fortress establishing a foothold in a province; in the imminent industrial and commercial development of the Far East it is bound to be one of the master keys of China. That the Germans saw this and took the peremptory advantage of it they did will always remain a monument to their foresight, if not to their fair play.

It is on military lines that the Germans first built up their power in Tsingtao, however, and it is by the test of war that that power is to-day being threatened; so the military aspects of Tsingtao deserve first and most obvious consideration. The town of Tsingtao, it should be said by the way, is the mixed German and Chinese city at the head of Kiaochau Bay; it really constitutes the bulk of the colony itself, which is rather inaptly named Kiaochau from the bay and from a village just outside the German sphere of influence. As soon as the Germans took over control, the present vast scheme of fortifications, already decided upon, was put under way by an army of engineers and skilled workmen specially sent out from home. They constructed a ring of twelve modern forts, stretching from the high, rocky peninsula of Laoshan on the north, along the thickly wooded ridges back of Tsingtao, six miles from the harbor mouth, and out again along the southern peninsula of Lingshan. They spent $7,000,000 in dredging the harbor and the bay, they constructed a floating dock capable of lifting sixteen thousand tons, they sunk granite piers and built a modern graving dock capable of accommodating respectively the largest merchant ships and men-of-war afloat. In ten years $30,000,000 was spent on harbor works alone. The barracks built in 1908 were capable of housing five thousand men; and the three thousand first sent out have been steadily increased till to-day the regular forces now defending the colony, excluding twenty-five hundred volunteers from the settlement itself, number over six thousand, including a squadron of

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cavalry, a company of field artillery, two machine-gun companies, five companies of naval artillery, an aeroplane corps of four units, and a company of native reserves.

The military necessities of the colony have only begun in the present decade to make way for the industrial campaign for which they have always been the far-reaching ground-breaker. Invariably, up to the last year or two, out of an average budget of $3,500,000 something like $3,000,000 has been contributed by the Imperial Treasury at Berlin and used for "extraordinary" expenditure, relying on "ordinary" or local funds for hardly a tenth of the administrative expenses of Tsingtao. In this way the Prussian officers who ruled this outpost of empire have spent ten marks on military works to every one mark on the civilian population.

Under this autocratic situation the growth of the colony has been rapid, but, for all its emphasis on guns and barracks, it has not been nearly so one-sided as one would think. The experiments in municipal government which have been tried at Tsingtao have been strongly reminiscent of those of our own Nation in seeing through our National emergency at Panama. Under an autocracy proceeding straight from Berlin, the citizens of Tsingtao enjoy the most democratic and radical land-taxing system in the Far East—a system which lacks very little of following out the pure single-tax theories of Henry George. Colonial revenue is derived from a 33⅓ per cent increment tax, and an annual tax of six per cent on land values irrespective of improvements. Under this régime land speculation, which forces residents in the international settlement of Shanghai, for instance, to pay an average of a third of their earnings in rent alone, has in Tsingtao been practically eliminated as a factor in municipal life. It is these same Prussian autocrats who have made Tsingtao a free port, have reforested four thousand acres of bleak hillsides, and have built up a settlement which for civic beauty, cleanliness, and general municipal efficiency is without a peer in the Far East. And to the social side of life they have added, with the true convivial spirit of the German, a magnificent $1,500,000 casino, which is deservedly one of the show places of the colony.

As a modern fortress, as a modern city, Tsingtao is a remarkable achievement, but it is as a key to industrial and commercial empire that one touches at last its illimitable destiny. The Germans have built and are operating so far two railways in China—that from Tsingtao to Tsinanfu, the capital of Shantung, and that from Tientsin to the southern border of Shantung, where a British section continues it to Pukow, opposite the Yangtse from Nanking, which is, in turn, the terminus of a British road to Shanghai. Tsingtao is thus in railway communication with Shanghai and the Yangtse, with Tientsin, Peking, and with Europe via the Trans-Siberian. The seven hundred odd miles of this German system, coupled with Tsingtao's unrivaled harbor facilities, have drawn trade from every port in the north of China. No other port has grown as this has grown; no other port, save Shanghai, can stand the pace Tsingtao has set. In the years between 1900 and 1905 its trade increased from $3,000,000 to just over $16,000,000; in 1911 it had more than doubled, at $33,000,000 registering a gain of one thousand per cent in a little over ten years. At whose expense this gain was made is significant in the drop evidenced by the Shantung treaty port of Chefu, for instance, from $27,000,000 to $21,500,000 between 1904 and 1911.

But the commercial growth of Tsingtao up to the present has been a provincial growth; it has consolidated itself as the principal and natural port of Shantung. The designs of the future aim to place her magnificent tactical position in the path of what must in time become one of the main currents of China's national commerce. They aim at nothing less than the establishment at Tsingtao, as the concentration point, on the coast, of the vast system of trunk railways now being rapidly extended over China. If Tsingtao had been left in Chinese hands, it would have been the inevitable and unrivaled outlet, failing the development at enormous expense of a new port on the Yangtse or just above it, by which the transcontinental systems of middle and north China must ultimately reach the sea. The Germans foresaw this great opportunity, as they foresaw others in 1898, and the commercial arm of the Kaiser's Imperialism has pushed steadily and very effectively in this direction ever since. Behind the flamboyant military pretensions of Kiaochau Bay the Germans have really been at work, unobtrusively but permanently, building up the San Francisco of the Chinese coast.

The Germans understand that the coming domination of the foreigners in modern China

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rests mainly on their grip on the railways. And so, with their splendid outlet to the sea always in view, the Germans have intrigued and maneuvered their way through a dozen international agreements into an effective control over some of the crucial railway connections of eastern Asia. They hold, as I have said, the major half of the line from Tientsin to Nanking, the greatest railway project yet completed in eastern China, and by connecting Tsingtao with this line have given it direct access to Siberia and Europe. By the terms of the Four Power Loan they secured the construction of the section of the great Hankow-Szechuen trunk line between Hankow and Ichang, the most vital part of the railway which is to open to the world the largest and richest province in China. And only last year the Deutsch-Asiatische Bank signed up with the Chinese Government for the construction of three new lines which, if they are allowed to be completed, will make every port in China, as a railway terminus, secondary to Tsingtao and rivet upon eastern China a tight and dominant German system. One of these new railways opens the way from Tsingtao to Hankow, the Chicago of China on the Yangtse, by an extension of the Tsingtao connection with the Tientsin Railway at Tsinanfu due west to Shuntehfu on the main line of the Peking-Hankow railway. Another project connects Tsingtao diagonally to the southwest with Yihsien, where the Grand Canal crosses the extreme southern division of the German section of the Tientsin-Nanking Railway, to control south to Nanking, being taken up by the English from the Kiangsu Province border a few miles farther on. The third line continues this connection with Tsingtao and carries it due west about thirty miles to a town called Tsiningchau. Here for the moment it ends, apparently in the middle of nowhere. Not so to the Germans, however, for they have the first option with the Chinese of continuing it in the same direction to Kaifeng, the ancient capital of China on the Hoangho River.

And here the magnitude of their design begins to be seen, for Kaifeng is the eastern terminus of the vast Franco-Russo-Belgian system, already formidably under way, which will one day pierce the heart of the Asiatic continent from the trans-Caspian outposts of Russia three thousand miles across the vast unknown deserts of Chinese Turkestan, and will sweep thence through the center of China to the sea. Parts of it are already built and in operation, notably the one-hundred and-forty-mile road from Honanfu to Kaifeng; another three-hundred-mile stretch westward to Sianfu is rapidly being completed, and loans to the extent of $50,000,000 were signed in 1912 to bind the bargain for the rest. This vast scheme already has two thousand miles of trunk connections guaranteed and signed for by the Chinese Government, including a fourteen-hundred-mile connection southward to Chungking, Yunnanfu, and French Indo-China, and a six-hundred-mile connection northward with the Peking-Kalgan line, which sooner or later must be linked up with the Trans-Siberian. Northward, westward, southward, it is all-powerful, far overshadowing even the British railway schemes ramifying from the Yangtse Valley and from Canton. Only eastward toward the sea is its destination uncertain. And well it may be, for the Germans hold in Tsingtao and the railways that serve Tsingtao the natural terminus which gives this vast system the only outlet on the coast fitting to its continental magnitude. This is the reason for that little railway pointing toward Kaifeng; this is the reason for the elaborate connections, capitalized at over $75,000,000, which concentrate on Tsingtao. Not a mere Port Arthur is at stake, but a gateway to commercial empire.

It is a splendid and far-seeing conception, certainly worthy of more honorable methods than have been used to attain it, but no more ruthless, at any rate, than the visions of Cecil Rhodes and the continental schemes of our own lords of higher industry and finance. And already, up to the very edge of the present war, one could see these great plans working out in developments nearer and nearer to their practical realization. One instance is sufficient to make the point: the decision of a directors' meeting of the Shantung Eisenbahn Gesellschaft, the general name for the German exploiting company, to spend $12,500,000 in the erection of a vast steel and iron plant at Tsangkau, just outside of Tsingtao. At the same meeting, on June 5 of this year, it was decided to include an arsenal in the new works, besides the most modern equipment in the way of a rolling mill for bar iron, a coke oven, two great furnaces, Martin works, etc., etc. With this establishment as a nucleus, two other arsenals were to be built at the special request of the Chinese Government in the provinces of

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Chihli and Shansi, equipped by the company and managed for ten years by Germans.

With the arrival of the Japanese fleet before Kiaochau Harbor this project vanishes again into the realm of visions; but it remains an authentic vision, just the same, of what must some day or other be a dominant factor in the future greatness of Tsingtao. The *hinterland* of Shantung, moreover, is as rich in iron ore and in coal, the raw materials of this industrial destiny, as any of the great unexploited provinces of China. The two coalfields at Weihsien and Poshan, so carefully marked off in 1898, have realized every expectation in the quantity and quality of their output, averaging to-day an annual production of just under half a million tons in the midst of vast valleys of coal lands yet untouched.

Such, then, is the position of Tsingtao as a key to empire in eastern Asia. The Japanese have promised to restore it, with all its immense strategic and commercial value, to the unimpaired authority of the Chinese Government. I have said at the beginning that Japan sees its value, and I believe she does. But that is no reason why Americans should begin to doubt her good faith until China shall have doubted it herself, and on the basis of the details of a situation in which she is just as likely as we are to cherish skepticism where skepticism seems just. Japan's opportunity to dispel this skepticism about her real intentions, not only among the Chinese, but among her allies in Europe, and among the people of this country, always as ready as anybody on earth to be her friends, is a very exceptional opportunity indeed. Tsingtao, with its immense economic importance to China, should belong to China. Any other settlement will not be merely unjust but will constitute a persistent and aggravating menace to peace in the Far East. The empire to which Tsingtao holds the key is not an empire which can be unlocked by aggression and militarism. That has been Germany's only miscalculation, but it has been a costly one. In the name of peace and fair play among the nations, let us hope that Japan, in the crises which the world holds for her in other places than Tsingtao, will not repeat it.

THE HISTORICAL ROOTS OF THE WAR

VIII—THE SULTANS

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

PROFESSOR OF GOVERNMENT AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

ASIATICS in Europe. In the palace of the English Layard family in Venice used to be one of the world's great portraits—the Sultan Mohammed II, painted by Gentile Bellini. It was contrary to Moslem law and custom to make a likeness of a living person; but the potentate wished it, and the artist accomplished it. The Occident had begun to soften the rigor of the Orient.

We Western nations, in the midst of our prosperity, our education, our popular governments, our railways, our steamships, our engines of war, look down upon Asiatics as weak, effeminate, inferior, declining. Did not the Portuguese break in pieces the Malay power of the East? Did not the English march to and fro through India till they had conquered the whole? Did not the French in 1860 show their civilization by aiding in the sack of the Winter Palace? Have not the Russians tamed the intractable Turkomans and the khanates of central Asia? Has not the United States mastered the Philippine Islands? When has a large and well-supplied force of Europeans been driven from the field by an Asiatic army?

Many times, scores of times, as recently as the Russo-Japanese War of 1905! All the way from Mukden to Châlons, which is near the present battle line of northern France, are scattered battlefields where crows have feasted on the best blood of Europe. One horde after another has poured out of central Asia and pushed westward, often spending years on its gory route. The empire of Alexander the Great, the Roman Empire, the Greek Empire, the Russian Empire, the Bulgarian and Servian Empires, have been attacked, conquered, and agonized by Asiatics. If the Chinese had the military ardor and

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ambition of the Germans or the Belgians, Europe might again have to meet the shock of that Asiatic onset.

That is one side of the intercontinental relation; another side is the spread of Asiatic culture into Europe. Who built the first cities, raised the first regular armies, invented an alphabet, trained physicians, studied the stars, built irrigating canals, erected gorgeous temples, founded state religions, set up governors over conquered provinces, wrote books, and made libraries? Asiatics were the pioneers in every case. It is not an accident that the three big vital, advancing religions of the twentieth century are all Asiatic in origin. Buddhism started in northern India and has spread eastward to Japan; Mohammedanism, proceeding from Arabia, has overrun at one time or another considerable parts of Asia, Europe, and Africa; Christianity developed in the ancient Semite race of the Jews, and the Gospels are full of allusions to Asiatic scenery, dress, industry, and social customs. Christian missions are only returning to Asia part of the enlightenment that originally came from that continent. Asia taught Egypt, Egypt taught Crete, Crete taught Greece, Greece taught Rome, Rome taught the world—and there we are!

Turks in Europe. This contrast between the destruction and the enlightenment which have both come from Asia is due in great part to the existence of two types of Asiatics. From India, from Arabia, from Asia Minor, have come streams of intellectual life. From Mongolia and Turkestan have been projected those hordes of barbarians who for ages afflicted Europe and who still possess the city of Constantinople and a little territory covering it. The Western world needs to ponder how it came about that wandering nomads, without any wealth except their horses and their cattle, with no arms except what they could make with their own hands, should again and again have overthrown the armored hosts of Europe, defended by the Western armies, by thick walls, strong castles, rich and populous cities, chariots, and war engines. The Huns, the Avars, the Mongols, the Seljuk Turks, and the Ottoman Turks threw themselves upon their enemies with a dash, a ferocity, a drive, which broke through the frontier defenses of Europe as though they were pasteboard.

These untamable Mongol horsemen could not only conquer but hold territory; that is why for a hundred and fifty awful years Russia was under the Mongol yoke; why the Hungarians still hold the lands which their Asiatic forefathers conquered a thousand years ago; why the Turks established their Empire first in Asia Minor and then in Europe. But till about the year 1300 the Greek Empire of Byzantium was a fortress which withstood the nomads. It is fashionable nowadays to sneer at that Empire, which was the direct successor and continuance of the old Roman Empire. To be sure, the emperors impaled their subjects, and the mob of Constantinople tore emperors to pieces; nevertheless the Empire for a thousand years held together against the unceasing assaults from the East. The Seljuk Turks took possession of the Arabian Empire, were converted to Mohammedanism, and accepted Arabian civilization. Then about the year 1300, just as the Moguls were beginning to lose their hold on Russia, arose the Ottoman Turks. Traveling into Asia Minor a long day from Constantinople eastward by rail you reach El Kischehr, a tame little town, which, nevertheless, was one of the cradles of Ottoman power. The tale is that about sixty horsemen, remnant of a defeated tribe, escaped to that region, accepted Othman or Oshman as their leader, received other refugees and renegades, and thus, without knowing it, founded the Turkish Empire. A considerable part of these recruits were not Turks at all, and there is no evidence that they ever received reinforcements from the region, thousands of miles to the eastward, whence the original Turks came. Whatever the elements of their little commonwealth, they spread westward, crossed the Bosphorus above Constantinople, conquered the center of the Balkans, and in 1365 made Adrianople their capital. By this time they had taken on the aspect of an organized state, and it is almost humorous that they had to defend their little Empire against savage Mongol hordes.

Turkish Conquests in Europe. Possibly if such an Asiatic state were to begin to grow to-day in Asia Minor, all Europe would recognize the danger and unite to crush it. In that period of clash and confusion, when the great European states were as yet not completely formed, the frontier was left to defend itself. The result was that on May 29, 1453, while the Portuguese were trying to find a way to Asia around Africa, the Turks opened the straight road to Europe through the capture of Constantinople. It is a ghastly thing

(Continued on page following illustrations)

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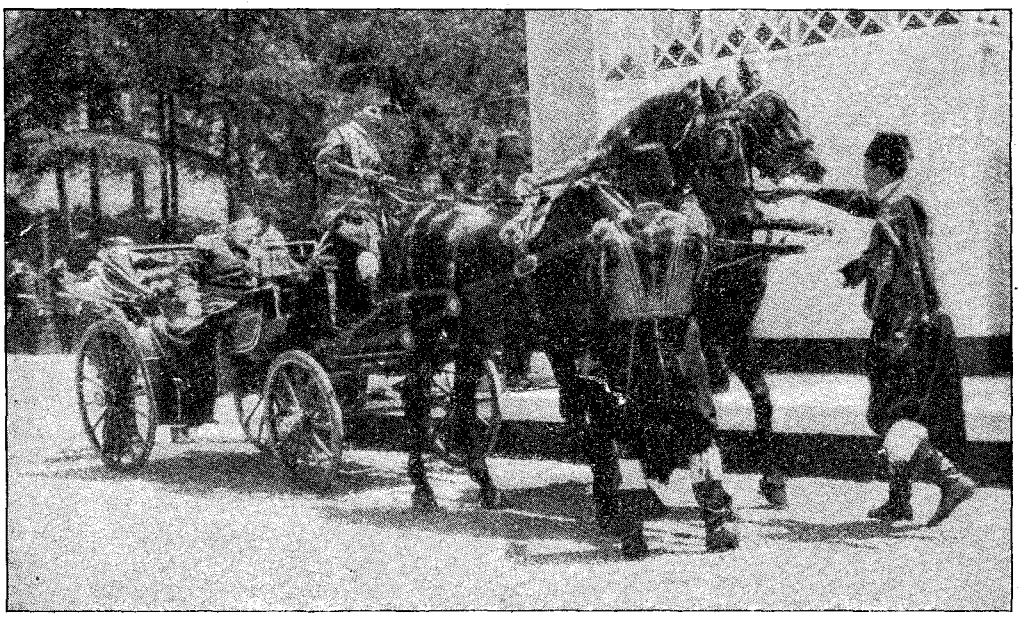
Current Events Pictorially Treated



THE SULTAN OF TURKEY ABOUT TO ENTER A MOSQUE

This heretofore unpublished photograph, taken recently by an American tourist, shows Mohammed V in one of the streets of his capital, Constantinople, as he was about to descend from his carriage to perform his religious duties. The absence of a military escort is to be noted. See article in this issue by Professor Hart on the Sultans

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TURKISH CAVALRY

THE TURKISH EMPIRE DRAWN INTO THE MAELSTROM

Attacks by Turkish vessels on Russian towns situated on the Black Sea mark Turkey's entrance into the great European struggle. See "The Story of the War"

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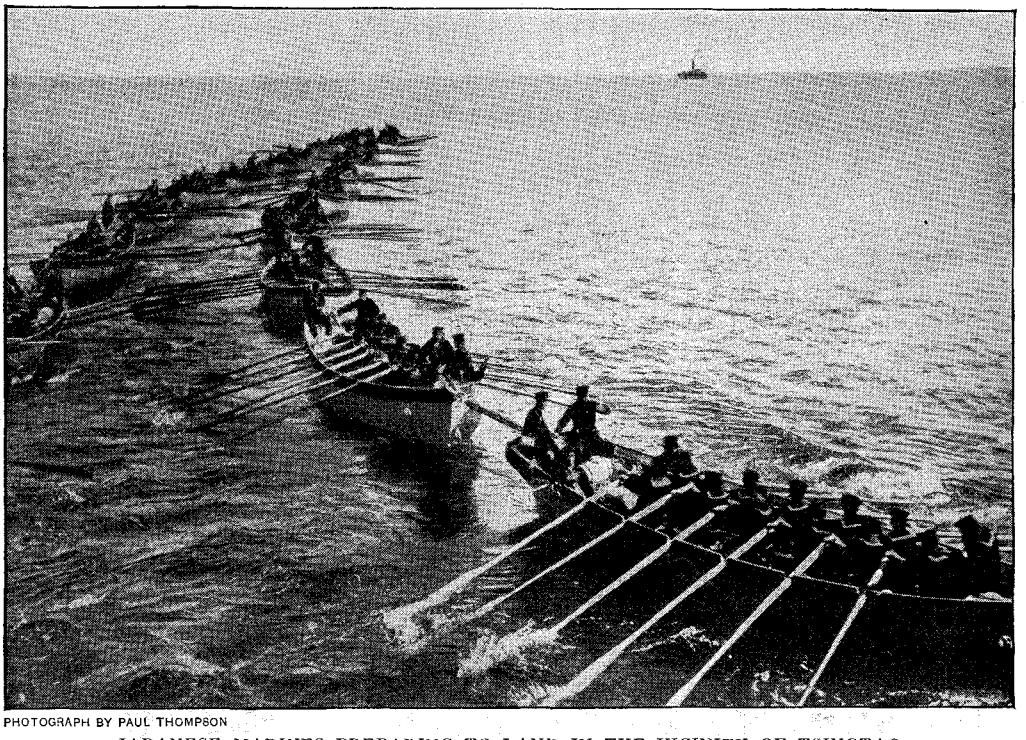

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

JAPANESE MARINES PREPARING TO LAND IN THE VICINITY OF TSINGTAO

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

PRESENTS FOR THE JAPANESE TROOPS AT THE FRONT

The Japanese people do not wait for a special occasion, such as Christmas with us, to show their remembrance of the fathers, sons, and brothers on the firing line, but encourage them by frequent gifts and messages from home

FORMER OPPONENTS WHO NOW

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THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS

War means hard work for both man and beast, especially in a mountainous country, as shown in the picture; the horses, with mitrailleuses on their backs, are struggling to ascend a steep trail in the Carpathians

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RUSSIAN OFFICERS OF SCOTCH DESCENT WHO HAVE FORGOTTEN THE CRIMEAN WAR

The Russian Empire contains many races, and its army list shows names of the most varied character. Among the officers now engaged in conducting the operations in Galicia are several of Scotch ancestry. In the above picture the officer on the extreme right is Colonel Gillivray; next to him is Colonel Robertson; the fifth figure from the right is that of Major-General Ross

UNITE IN FIGHTING THE GERMANS

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THE EX-EMPRESS EUGÉNIE HELPS THE WOUNDED

Eugénie, the widow of Napoleon III, has lived in England since the downfall of the Emperor in 1870. At the advanced age of 88, she is actively helping on the cause of the Allies. She has devoted her fine home at Farnborough Hill to the purposes of a military hospital. In the photograph she appears near the center of the group, dressed in black

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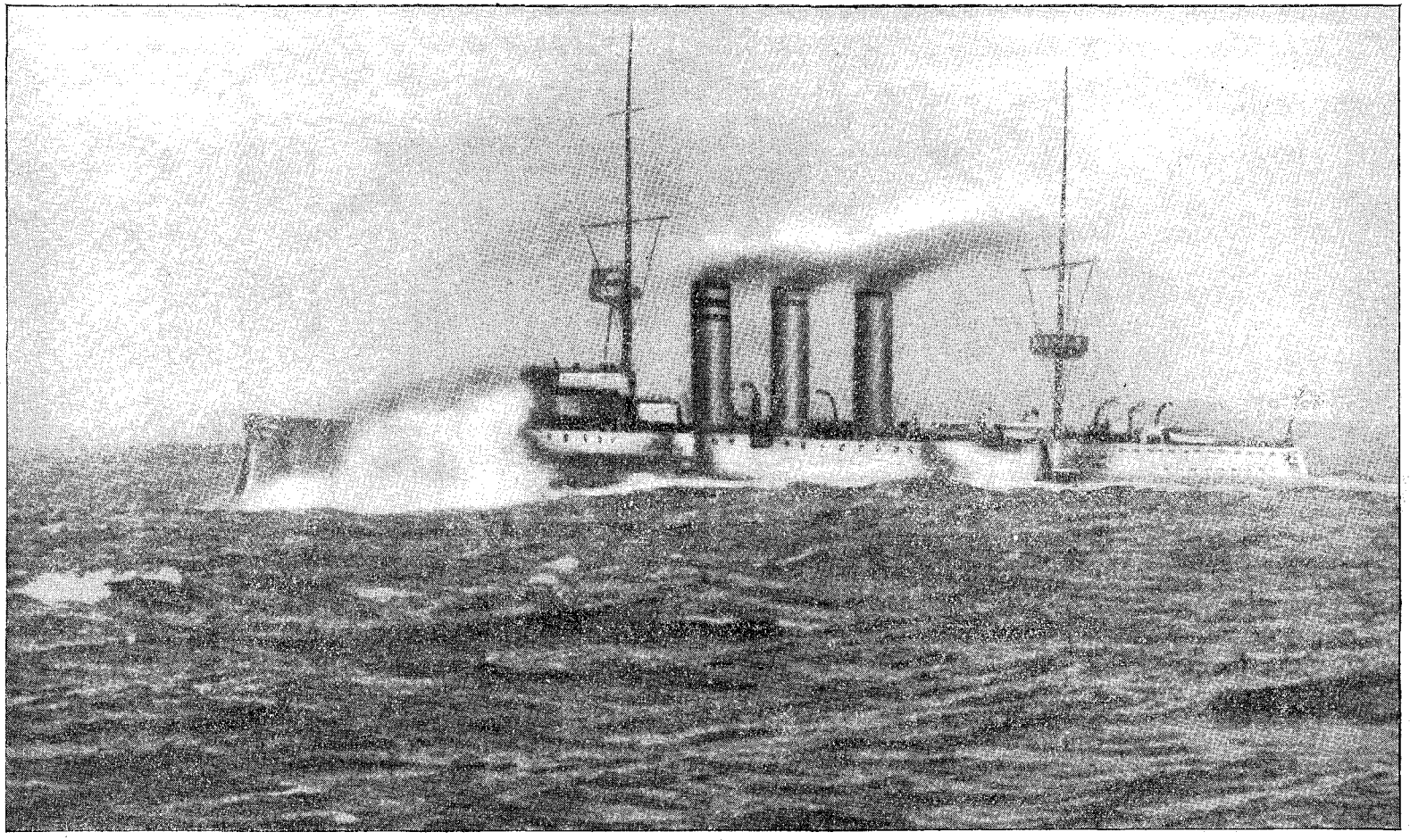

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

THE GERMAN CRUISER EMDEN, THE "RANGER" OF THE PRESENT WAR

Not since John Paul Jones, commanding first the "Ranger" and then the "Bon Homme Richard," carried havoc to the shores of England itself, has any one vessel so menaced British shipping. The Emden has sunk or taken 21 British vessels, 7 in one week. It is pleasing to hear from one shipping authority, however, that her "work of destruction was accompanied with strict consideration for the rights of innocent parties," and that "when liners carrying women and children have fallen in with German cruisers, the liners have been allowed to proceed unmolested after dismantling their wireless." The Emden is a 24½-knot light cruiser of 3,540 tons, with a complement of 361 men, and mounts ten 4.1 quick-firing guns

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PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

BELGIAN REFUGEES CARRIED TO ENGLAND BY TRAWLERS

Homeless victims of war's barbarities have crossed the English Channel by thousands during the last few weeks. The photograph shows a fishing trawler, crowded with refugees from Ostend, arriving at Folkestone, England

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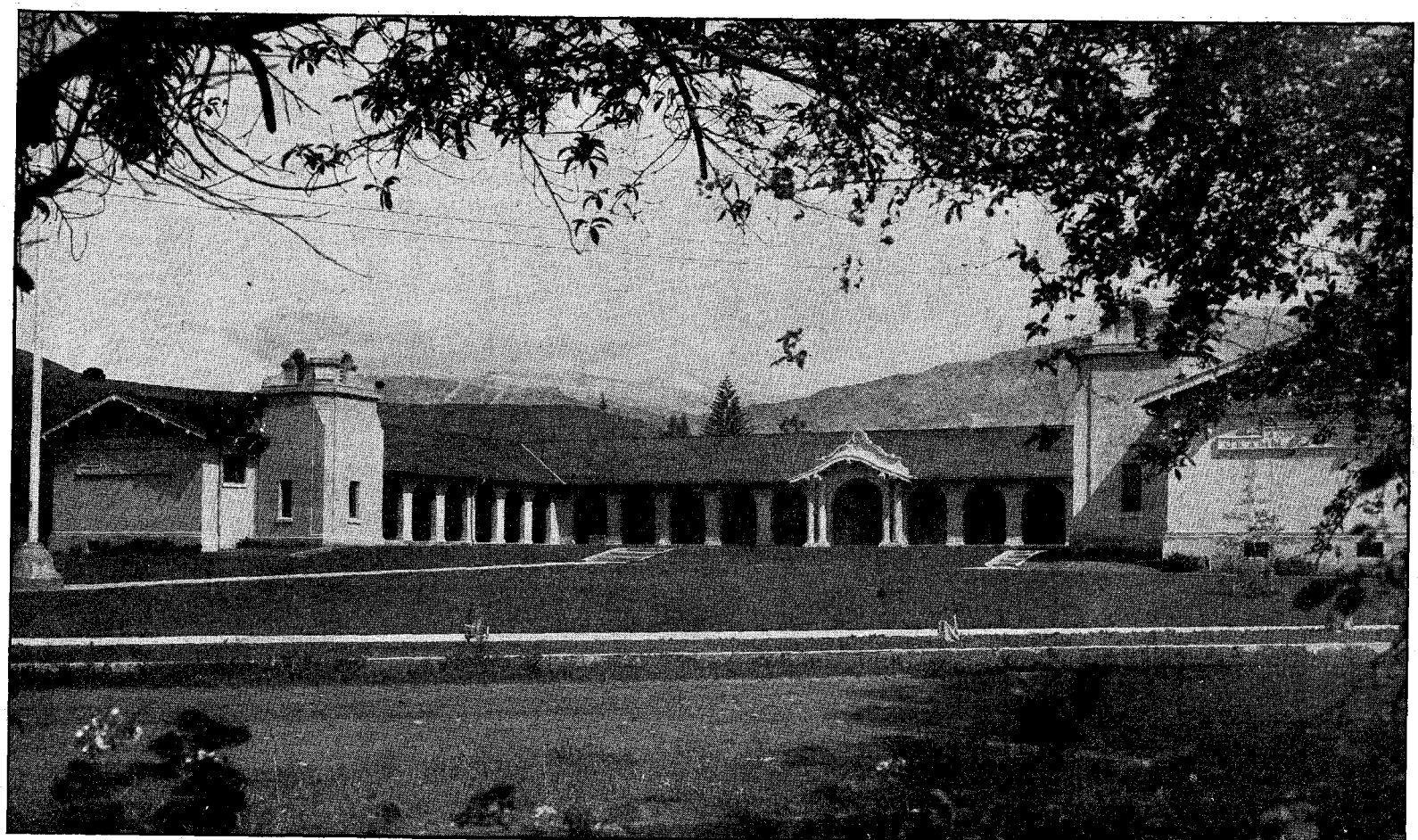

A CALIFORNIA SCHOOL-HOUSE

The movement to make of our public schools true social centers has been of as great material and artistic advantage to the schools themselves as to the communities in which they are situated. This well-lighted, fireproof, and beautiful school building, recently erected in Santa Paula, California, is one of which even a large city might well be proud

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PHOTOGRAPH BY BAIN NEWS SERVICE

A STATUE OF EDWIN BOOTH AS HAMLET

This statue is to be erected in Gramercy Park, New York City, near the home of The Players, the well-known club founded by Mr. Booth. The design for this statue was submitted by Mr. E. T. Quinn and was chosen in preference to several others by a committee of the club members. Among Mr. Quinn's works in sculpture are a bust of Edgar Allan Poe, in Poe Park, New York; a statue of Zoroaster, in Brooklyn, N. Y.; and figures on the Battle Monument at King's Mountain, S. C.

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to remember! The city walls still stand, much as they were left after the conqueror Mohammed rode through the breach into the city and delivered it up to his soldiers. The anguish and peril of the population of the city were hardly more than will be suffered if Paris or Vienna fall a few months hence; but the loss of Constantinople meant the breaking down of the line of European defense.

For the first time in the history of Mongol invasion in Europe, a great empire was carved out of European territory. Within a few years the Turks conquered the whole of the Balkans, Greece, and the Greek islands, where they all but extinguished the remnants of old Greek civilization. They were the first of their race to learn seafaring, and contested the Mediterranean till, in the time of the great Louis XIV, Molière makes a dramatic incident out of the supposed fate of the young man who trusts himself on board a Turkish galley. Having firmly established an empire that reached eastward to Persia and the Red Sea, northward to Mount Ararat, and west to the Adriatic, they pushed straight northwestward. The Servian Empire was smashed at Kossovo in 1389; the Hungarians were conquered at the second Kossovo in 1448, and again at the mournful battle of Mohács in 1526; and the Turks twice all but took Vienna.

These conquests were due to the excellent Turkish armies and military system, which were for a time the most efficient in the world. The Turks were by tradition splendid horsemen, and they developed the renowned infantry of the Janissaries. They had the best artillery of their time, and the best system for provisioning their armies. They fought under their Sultan's eye. The rewards of success were honors, riches, sultans' daughters in marriage, the governorships of provinces. They were strong in the open field, adepts in sieges, and a legion of devils to non-combatants.

List of the Sultans. Few of the Sultans, except Mohammed the Conqueror, are now known to the West, but the list brings out some striking facts with regard to the Turkish ideas of monarchy:

1. Mohammed II (the Conqueror)..... 1451–1481
2. Bayezid II (son).. 1481–1512
3. Selim I (son)..... 1512–1520
4. Suleiman I, "The Magnificent" (son) 1520–1566
5. Selim II (son).... 1566–1574
6. Murad III (son).. 1574–1595
7. Mohammed III (son) 1595–1603
8. Ahmed I (son)... 1603–1617
9. Mustafa I(brother) 1617–1618 (declared incompetent)
10. Osman II(nephew) 1618-1622 (dethroned by Janissaries)
11. Mustafa I (returned) ..... 1622–1623 (abdicated)
12. Murad IV (son of Ahmed) 1623–1640
13. Ibrahim (brother). 1640–1648(dethroned and murdered)
14. Mohammed IV (son) ..... 1648–1687 (deposed)
15. Suleiman II (brother)..... 1687–1691
16. Ahmed II(brother) 1691–1695
17. Mustafa II (son of Mohammed IV) 1695–1703 (abdicated)
18. Ahmed III (brother) ..... 1703–1730 (deposed)
19. Mahmud I (son of Mustafa II)..... 1730–1754
20. Osman III (brother) 1754–1757
21. Mustafa III (cousin)..... 1757–1773
22. Abd-ul-Hamid I (brother) 1773–1789
23. Selim III (son of Mustafa III)... 1789–1807 (dethroned)
24. Mustafa IV (son of Abd-ul-Hamid) 1807–1808 (assassinated)
25. Mahmud II (brother)..... 1808–1839
26. Abd-ul-Mejid (son) 1839–1861
27. Abd-ul-Aziz (brother)..... 1861–1876 (deposed)
28. Murad V (son of Abd-ul Mejid... 1876 (incompetent)
29. Abd-ul-Hamid II (brother)..... 1876–1909 (deposed)
30. Mohammed V (brother) 1909–

Ten out of this list of thirty sovereigns have ended their reigns by a sudden and usually forcible process. Ever since 1617 the succession has gone oftener to brothers than to sons, which means that there is no well-defined rule of succession. Various Sultans have been killed by their soldiers or their slaves; and if we could go into the details of the character and lives of these rulers we should mark the downhill course of the Osman line. When, about two centuries ago, they ceased to head their armies and spent their lives in the poisonous atmos-

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phere of the court and the harem, their Empire lost its terrific grip upon the world.

Christians in the Empire. The present ruin of Turkey is due less to the Sultans than to the variety of rival races and religions within the Empire. The Turks found, both in Asia Minor and the Balkans, a civilized population, with arts, crafts, commerce, religion, and education. They themselves were not business men, and they allowed the Greeks and the Armenians in their Empire to carry on trade. They wanted peasants to till their lands, and they left the Bulgarians and Macedonians on the soil. With such masses of non-Turkish people, in many provinces always outnumbering the Turks, the question of religion complicated the whole system of government. The only way to unify the population was to Mohammedanize the Christians, or to exterminate them, or to let them have their own religion. Many thousands, perhaps millions, of them accepted the Prophet and the Koran. About a third of the people of Bosnia, for instance, are Mohammedan Serbs, descended from Christians. For several centuries the tribute boys (perhaps five thousand every year) were taken out of the highest Christian families, and brought up to become fanatical Moslems and Janissaries, generals, and ministers. Nevertheless, most of the Christians stood by their religious colors.

There was a moment when extermination was all but adopted as the Turkish policy. Sultan Selim the Grim about 1520 issued a decree that all the Christians who would not forthwith become Moslems should be slain. This, of course, was simply an extension of the doctrine which then prevailed in Christian Europe, that the prince had a right to decide what his people should believe. Under the absolute Turkish system there was nobody to dispute the wisdom or the humanity of the Sultan's decisions. Then unexpectedly arose the Mufti, the highest ecclesiastical authority in the Moslem world, and he "recalled" the decree, for a reason which is familiar in American government, namely, that it was contrary to the higher law of Turkey.

Thereupon the Sultan gave way, and the Christians were allowed their worship. That involved keeping their churches; that involved having a priesthood; that involved schools to educate the priests; that involved the continued use of the languages of the Christians; that involved the permanence of Christian race groups inside the Turkish Empire. Greeks, Armenians, Bulgarians, Serbs, Wallachs, Hungarians, German Transylvanians, profited by this degree of liberty; but in the end it meant the downfall of the Turkish Empire.

Decay of the Turks. In the process of pushing back the Turks into Asia all the neighbors assumed a cheerful part; Poles, Hungarians, Russians, Austrians, Venetians, Spaniards, and the Pope took turns at hammering the Turks. They maintained themselves only by desperate efforts, for commonly they could not safely enlist in their armies the Christian populations. The tide turned at the famous raising of the siege of Vienna in 1683. They still point out to you the "Turkish trenches" where the camp of the infidels was attacked by the relieving force from Poland under John Sobieski.

In the course of the next hundred years there were six or eight wars against the Turks, ending with a series of treaties under which the Russians and the Hungarians gained ground. During the next fifty years Greece, Servia, and Rumania were peeled off. One of the evidences of changed conditions was the massacre of the Janissaries in 1826, because they had become the Pretorian Guard of the Empire, setting up and controlling Sultans. Egypt and the four Barbary Powers on the north coast of Africa practically gained their independence. The remaining Christian subjects of Turkey in Europe were straining at their chains. Turkey seemed dissolving.

Then the concert of Europe united to prevent the "disappearance of the unfittest," which is a natural law of nations as of individuals. Fearing lest Russia and Austria should gain by uprooting the Turks, the English and French from 1840 to 1890 protected the worst Government in Europe and kept their fellow-Christians in bondage. The Turks were cursed with unusually weak Sultans, and then with an abnormally strong Sultan. From 1876 to 1909 Abd-ul-Hamid II was the actual as well as the nominal despot of Turkey, and showed himself a consummate master of the art of playing off the great Powers of Europe against each other, promising reforms to the virtuous, giving valuable concessions to the unrighteous, cutting off any heads which arose in opposition or criticism—a bad man who made a naturally bad system bad to the *n*th power. When England and France showed signs of interest in the Christians in Turkey, the Sul-

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tan turned to Germany, which has for about ten years been the adviser of the decaying monarchy.

Ruin of the Sultanate. Meantime the Christians in the Balkans were helping themselves. In 1878 the Bulgarians were set free by the joint armies of Russia and Rumania, and have ever since been a Christian state; Servia was released some years earlier; Greece was a little enlarged at the expense of Turkey; Bosnia and Herzegovina were pried off by Austria; till by 1908 the Turks had lost about half the area of the Balkans. Then came the sudden, sharp, apparently unexpected revolution of the Young Turks, carried out by Albanian officers who had been the especial favorites of the Sovereign. Abd-ul-Hamid was made a state prisoner, and for five years has lived in captivity, too weak and too despicable even to be feared.

In 1911 Italy carried off Tripoli from under the Turkish guns. In 1912 Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece joined to take Macedonia and Novi-Bazar, which lay between Servia and Montenegro. To their surprise, the Turkish power caved in, and in a few months they held all the previous Turkish provinces in Europe except the narrow district including Constantinople. This did not come about without fearful reprisals for the acts of tyranny and blood committed during the ages by the Turks. The Turkish navy was almost helpless, their army captured or dispersed; the Greek islands were occupied up to a gunshot of the coast of Asia Minor; the Asiatic side of the Empire seemed also on the point of breaking up.

Meantime the Sultanate was shifted to the inept and incapable Mohammed V, who has far less power in his own Empire than the German or Russian Ambassador. A council of the nation was summoned, and allowed to lapse because it took an interest in public affairs, and assumed that it had the right to conduct them. It was not truly representative of the Turkish people, but came nearer expressing the national mind than the coterie of civil and military officers who divide among themselves places in the Cabinet and military commands. At present the strongest individual in Turkey appears to be Enver Bey [now Enver Pasha], who came to public fame by killing his superior officer, Nazim Pasha, in 1913 at the door of the Council Chamber.

The future of Turkey is dark; the line of absolute sultans is impotent. From out of the complex of races in Asiatic Turkey—Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Kurds, Syrians, Arabs, Mesopotamians—it is almost impossible to make up a representative government that could hold together. The present self-designated Government has neither morals nor wisdom. The individual Turks are a fine people who have the respect and good will of most foreigners who live among them. Though they have Asiatic traditions, the race is made up much more of European than of Asiatic elements; and the Turks who have lived in Europe are many of them Western in spirit. The trouble is that when a hundred or a million of these genuinely likable men gather together to frame a government they know none but the worst Asiatic models; and they have shown, especially during the last century, no capacity to keep peace, encourage order and industry, or educate the population either of their own race or of the subject Christian races.

In this great European crisis, involving the control of Europe and of Asia, when ships and men are moving north, east, south, and west around what is left of the Turkish Empire, the sultanate and the people are alike helpless. If the Allies are victorious, the Russians will infallibly annex Constantinople and the waterways from the Black to the Ægean Sea; if the Germans and Austrians are victorious, they will eventually build and control a railway line from Budapest to the Persian Gulf, and that will not leave much of Asia Minor. Perhaps wicked old Abd-ul-Hamid, from his prison palace on the Bosphorus, darkly looks across at what was once the Imperial seraglio opposite the Sublime Porte, the lofty gateway which has given a diplomatic name to the country. Perhaps he sees over the Mosque of St. Sophia the fingers of a man's handwriting: "*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*"—"God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. . . . Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. . . . Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."

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WOMEN AND CO-OPERATIVE STORES

BY MRS. FLORENCE KELLEY

GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL COMSUMERS' LEAGUE

A LITTLE group of workers in the cotton-mills of the English village of Rochdale, some three-quarters of a century ago, discussed the high cost of living and what was to be done about it.

In the end they bought a half-barrel of flour, and each subscriber to the co-operative enterprise took one share. It was cheaper than by the bag (as they had been accustomed to buy it), and, even more important, it was pure. For there is no question of the fact that retail dealers in those days commonly adulterated their flour with plaster-of-paris, which caused disease and death.

Little did those humble cotton-mill workers foresee that this modest investment was the beginning of a movement destined to amount almost to an economic revolution. It was the first experiment in co-operation for cheapening and improving the necessaries of life. From that half-barrel of flour has developed a system of stores and factories which, controlled by co-operative societies, are to-day scattered all over the United Kingdom, serving as models for all the world.

These societies are, to a steadily increasing extent, determining the quality and cost of goods produced for their members. They have been able to restrict the adulteration of food products and to prevent the fraudulent substitution of inferior material in articles of clothing used by poor working families. In some measure they have brought the cost of living in England under their control.

The societies originally bought goods in the open market, and sold them to their members at the full current retail price, eventually dividing the profit among the purchasers. But, with the growth of numbers, they found themselves able to keep their own retail prices closer to the current wholesale prices; and ordinary retailers, in order to stay in business, are now compelled to meet these prices, thus holding down the cost of many kinds of staple merchandise.

The influence exerted by the societies in behalf of honest goods is overwhelmingly powerful. They are developing so many factories of their own that competing manufacturers are finding it more difficult to sell fraudulent fabrics.

It is largely by reason of the absence of a co-operative system in this country that we have so inordinate a development of department stores, with underpaid clerks and a monstrous flood of adulterated, trashy, perishable fabrics. The latter item represents an immense aggregate of economic waste, and the loss falls mainly upon the poor.

A Swiss fellow-student whom I knew long ago at Zurich was afterwards employed for twenty years as chief chemist in a silk-dyeing establishment in Philadelphia. He told me that crude silk arriving from China, Japan, and elsewhere was first boiled to get rid of the gum it contained, thus losing about ten per cent of its weight. The owners of the silk required his employers to return it to them with this ten per cent restored, and with an additional one hundred per cent contributed to it, by "weighting" with metals—lead, tin, or iron.

This, of course, is a customary trade practice, and every woman has had opportunity to observe its effects. If a silk dress becomes shiny after a while, that means adulteration of the fabric with lead. If a shirt-waist of silk, though perhaps hanging in a closet unworn, exhibits star-like cuts or gashes, it is tin that is accountable. If a coat lining goes to pieces in straight slits, that is iron.

My Swiss acquaintance gave up his employment and took his two boys back to live on a modest farm in the Jura Mountains, in order, as he said, that they should not learn the dishonesties in which their father had been obliged to participate while pursuing the silk-dyeing craft. But, in telling this story, the fact on which I wish to lay emphasis is that such things happen far less when the factory is making goods to be sold to co-operative owners thereof, and, in general, for the co-operative trade in England.

To-day the co-operative societies in that country have stores so widely scattered that they are to be found even in many villages, and the influence they exercise over purity of food products and the quality of other merchandise, as well as over prices, has been steadily gaining.

Ultimately the co-operative movement in the United States is, I think, likely to take the form of co-operative ordering direct from producers, together with the establishment of municipal enterprises for public supply.

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The Supreme Court of Georgia has decided that municipalities in that State may lawfully carry on the production and sale of ice. New York City, having started milk stations for infants some years ago as a private philanthropic enterprise, now conducts a few municipal stations of the kind, and is soon to have many more. Municipal markets exist in many centers of population. Two cities in Texas and one in Tennessee have municipal abattoirs.

We may never have co-operative retail stores precisely on the English plan. But it is easy to imagine the future existence in our cities of sample rooms which will do an enormous mail order business. Such an establishment will not keep a stock of goods on hand for sale, but merely samples of all kinds of merchandise, to be shown or sent out through the mails to intending purchasers. It may serve as an intermediary between the producer and the ultimate consumer, bringing the two into close relations.

The parcel post will be of immense assistance, and when the Government takes over the telegraphs and telephones, making electric communication relatively inexpensive, we shall have facilities for instantaneous and cheap ordering.

Take the matter of clothes. Shopping women do not know how large a part of the clothing they buy comes from prisons in various parts of the country, where convicts working under an intensive sweating system, from which for them there is no possibility of escape, manufacture shoes, shirts, petticoats, and many other kinds of goods for the benefit of greedy contractors at a cost so low as to render competition by well-paid free labor very difficult. There are some prisons which teach men only women's trades, such as the making of silk petticoats. Yet tuberculosis and venereal diseases are characteristic maladies of prison populations, communicable by garments which the convicts cut and sew.

Adulterations of food products sold in inter-State commerce are now required by law to be plainly declared on the containers. Should not a similar demand be made for a convincing guarantee that skirts, petticoats, and stockings are not products of convict labor? It is important that we defend our digestions, but is it not equally worth while to protect ourselves against loathsome disease? The answer to the question is obvious enough; yet at the present time we can look for help in this direction to neither the Federal nor the State governments. The Booher Bill giving each State power to deal according to its own laws with prison goods made in other States has been held up in the Senate.

The whole appeal of modern industry to women in relation to buying is an appeal to cupidity. Goods are incessantly offered "below cost"—at once an insult to the intelligence of women and a delusive bait for their imputed meanness. Meanwhile thousands of newspapers fill their pages with offers of bargains; and even the pulpit is confused about the real issue involved, frequently berating women, on the one hand, for bargain-hunting, and, on the other hand, choosing as a favorite theme the extravagance of the wife who tempts her husband to dishonesty by her lavish expenditure.

Shopping women are with difficulty induced to exercise sympathetic imagination in behalf of the women and children who serve them in factories and sweatshops—whom they do not see, and with whom they have no contact. They would be more interested if they knew the sources from which many of the things they buy are derived.

Recently the New York State Factory Investigation Commission reported that some of the hand-made linen for the "richest babies" in the United States was produced in tenements; likewise a good part of the "French" hand-made and hand-embroidered underwear, and hand embroidery on expensive shirt-waists. At embroidery alone sixty-one thousand "out-workers"—*i.e.*, workers in sweatshops and tenement rooms—are employed in the State, most of them in New York City, which is the great sweating center.

In many instances where factories and retailing manufacturers advertise goods "made on the premises" only a portion of the output is so made—the workrooms shown to the professional buyer and to customers being merely masks for sweatshops and tenements in which women and children toil long hours and at night, and in which tuberculosis and other infectious diseases are sadly common. Dr. Annie S. Daniel, practicing medicine in the out-patient department of the New York Infirmary for Women, found in one twelvemonth seventy-nine families of tenement workers suffering from contagious maladies. The Factory Investigation Commission reported that over seventy-six per cent of the families working in the tenements

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of the metropolis earned less than ten cents an hour *as families*.

Efforts to start a co-operative movement in this country have met with several formidable obstacles. One of these is the speculative element in American life, which causes people to disregard little economies. Another is the floating character of our population, making it difficult to hold a group of workers together for any great length of time. Yet another lies in the fact that retail trade in the United States, taking it as a whole, is in the hands of persons immeasurably abler than corresponding business men in the early days of the co-operative movement in England. Recently an American, going to London and opening a department store there, has made of it a magnificent commercial success, notwithstanding the competition of the co-operative stores. The same qualities which have brought him such success abroad have hitherto enabled merchants in our own country to drive out co-operative rivals.

Up to the present time the effort of women in this country to acquire any share in the control of industry has been restricted to educational and philanthropic work. We have the National Consumers' League, which, first organized locally in New York City in 1890, has since become a National movement, with eighty-six leagues in fifteen States. But the League has never attempted to buy and sell or to manufacture goods. It has never undertaken to deal directly with qualities or prices. It has confined itself to efforts to awaken the consciences of consumers; to call their attention to the cruelties of industry; to make them understand their own personal responsibility for such cruelties, and to show how they have in their own hands the power to remedy these mischiefs.

Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since the Workingwomen's Society was started in New York City, for the purpose of encouraging organization among women wage-earners. With this idea in view, it made a comprehensive inquiry into the conditions under which saleswomen and cash-children then labored in the stores. The most important conclusion at which it arrived was that organization among wage-earning women could do little compared with what could be accomplished by organization among spenders of money. Out of this discovery (if it may so be termed) sprang the Consumers' League.

For it is the consumer, and not the merchant or the manufacturer, who is the ultimate employer. And the employer controls. Women organized as consumers have only to be numerous enough and sufficiently determined in their stand for better things to accomplish whatever they wish.

The principal teachings of the Consumers' League may be summed up as follows:

That responsibility for some of the worst evils from which wage-earners suffer rests with consumers who persist in buying in the cheapest markets, regardless of how cheapness is brought about.

That it is the duty of consumers to find out under what conditions the articles they purchase are produced, and to insist that the conditions shall be at least decent and consistent with a respectable existence on the part of the workers.

That this duty is specially incumbent upon consumers in relation to products of women's work, since there is no limit beyond which the wages of women may not be pressed down.

Women are being urgently spurred in the direction of co-operation by the increasing cost of living. The idea is already beginning to make hopeful progress in the United States; and when we do start we shall have the advantage of a more modern point of departure than that of the people in England whose success we are anxious to imitate. We shall not begin with a half-barrel of flour. The great Federation of Women's Clubs, which extends its organization to all parts of the Union, will undoubtedly give a powerful impetus to the movement. We shall have the parcel post, and the inevitable extension of co-operative municipal functions will lend us aid.

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THEOPHILUS

WITH SOME REFLECTIONS UPON HIS THEOPHILOSITY

BY WILLIAM E. BARTON

SELDOM have I made a brilliant and original discovery without making another somewhat different—namely, that the discovery had already been made by some one else. Not long ago an entirely original idea occurred to me, but before I could preach it I found it in a new book of Bergson's, and had to proclaim my originality in quotation marks; and when I had preached it a learned friend said to me: "That fine word you gave us from Bergson was really not original with him; the very same idea in much the same language is contained in the seventh volume of Jonathan Edwards." I borrowed a volume from the library, and there it is on page 334—and that reminds me that the book has not yet returned to the library, and is now drawing a fine at the rate of two cents a day.

But I have now made a discovery which, so far as I can learn, no man has made before me, and I want to print it in a hurry. It is that Luke, in giving his reasons for writing his Gospel, gave precisely the reasons which might have justified him in not writing it. They were two—namely, that other people were writing the story of the life of Jesus; and, secondly, that he had no first-hand knowledge of the facts. His opening sentence might easily have ended differently, as for instance:

"Forasmuch as many have undertaken to set down in order a record of the things most surely believed among us, it seemed good unto me, most excellent Theophilus, having not been myself an eye-witness of these events, to send to thee under separate cover a copy of the Gospel according to Matthew."

My dear and honored friend Edward Everett Hale taught his double four sentences, which would carry a man through life, and one of them was, "So much has been said, and so well said, that I will not add anything further at this time." Luke said, "So much has been said, and so well said, it seemed good unto me, most excellent Theophilus, to add something to the sum total."

He might have sent Matthew, which probably was written. He certainly had before him, while he wrote, a copy of Mark; but he did not send either of them. Why?

Here again is where my discovery comes in. The old theologians were never long puzzled by the question, "Why is the literary style of Paul different from that of John, since the same Holy Spirit inspired both?" They answered, "The Holy Spirit indeed inspired both men, but had respect unto the Johnicity of John and the Paulicity of Paul." Yes, verily. And the same Holy Spirit had respect unto the Lucicity of Luke, and (here is my discovery) unto the Theophilosity of Theophilus.

Who was Theophilus? I once knew a colored Sunday-school Convention which spent the better part of three days in the discussion of the interesting question, "Who was Melchizedek?" and they left the question in as good condition as they found it. But I intend to find an answer to this question.

Hastings's "Bible Dictionary" says that "tradition has not been busy with him as it has with most of the obscure men of the New Testament." It is time tradition or some more reliable authority got to work. Sir William Ramsay holds that the Greek word translated "most excellent" was a technical title, indicating a Roman officer of equestrian rank. Very likely. I hope he will learn some more. But I am interested in the pyschology rather than the rank of Theophilus.

Why did not Luke send a copy of the Gospel of Matthew to Theophilus? Because Theophilus would not have been interested in a genealogy which began with Abraham nor a point of view which was distinctly Jewish. Luke read Matthew through, I think, and I am sure he read Mark through, word by word, and all the way through asked himself whether that was the kind of book to send to Theophilus. In each case the answer was in the negative. Matthew was a good book for the Jews, but it contained some things which Theophilus would not have cared very much about. Mark was an excellent little tract, but concise to the point of being dry. It had action, but lacked

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color. Its great word was "straightway." Jesus did this, and straightway did that, and straightway Mark wrote it down. The more carefully Luke read it, the more he felt that it left something to be desired in the case of Theophilus.

Luke said to himself, "Theophilus is a man of culture, with a love of song. I must tell him about the songs at the birth of Jesus—the songs of Elizabeth and Mary, of Simeon and Zacharias, and the chorus of angels above this quartet of earth. Theophilus will enjoy that." He said, "Theophilus is a Roman. I must not forget to tell him about our Lord's consideration for those who were not Jews." He said, "Theophilus is a man of rank and position, but deeply interested in the cause of the poor and unfortunate; I must tell him more than the other evangelists have told about our Lord's compassion on the outcasts and the despised." He said, "Theophilus is a gentleman, a manly, courteous man, and he will be glad to know some things I learned from Stephen's seven daughters which they in turn learned from the women in Jerusalem." It was because Theophilus was such a true gentleman that Luke knew he would enjoy those incidents about the women which he alone tells.

Now don't tell me that this discovery of mine is not original, and do not try to make me believe it is unimportant. I maintain that the Lucicity of Luke accounts for only half of the differences between Luke and the other evangelists, and that, as for the rest, you can get out of it almost a biography, certainly the outlines of a psychology, of Theophilus.

Talk about the Johnicity of John and the Paulicity of Paul! John was a son of thunder in the style of the Apocalypse, and if he also wrote the Fourth Gospel he had a very different sort of Johnicity there. The Paulicity of Paul was tender and sweet in Philippians and a red-hot torrent of lava in Galatians.

It makes all the difference in the world to whom you are writing. Turn to the unopened pile of letters on your desk, and call your stenographer. Now for the multiferous Johndoicity of John Doe, expressed through dictation to the same identical Miss Polly Pencil. The first letter is an order from a customer, and you dictate:

"Dear Sir: In reply to your esteemed favor of the 13th inst., we are shipping you to-day—" and so on.

The next is from an old friend, from whom you have not heard in a long time, and who now writes you from Spokane or Texarkana:

"Dear old Tom: I am delighted to hear from you. It seems to me an age since you wrote."

And the next is from your mother, your wife, or your sweetheart.

You see how the Johndoicity of John Doe depends on the several sorts of Theophilus whom he is addressing. Just so with Luke. All the way between the lines you get glimpses of the personality of Theophilus.

Suppose Luke had been doing that work from a mere sense of duty, and had known all the time he was writing that it was to be read by a cold-blooded and unsympathetic old cynic. Would he have told about the shepherd leaving the ninety-and-nine sheep and going after the one that was lost? He would have said, "What's the use of writing that to an old matter-of-fact man like Theophilus?" Suppose Theophilus to have been a father, and one who had been unfatherly to his own children; would Luke have written to him the story of the prodigal son?

But these are the parts of the book over which the author evidently delighted. They are the parts which distinguish Luke from the other Gospels. Over against the haste of Mark to tell the story and be done with it, and the zeal of Matthew never to let an opportunity escape of saying "that it might be fulfilled," Luke kept saying, "I must not forget to tell about the rich man and Lazarus; Theophilus will be interested in that." "I must surely tell about the good Samaritan; I can just see Theophilus reading that with enjoyment." "I surely must tell about the prodigal son; Theophilus will wipe his eyes when he reads that."

I have read Luke through in the light of what scholars have written about the personality of Luke. I have looked up in the lexicon his use of medical terms; I have interpreted the story in the light of its author as best I could imagine him to have been. But that is only half enough. I read it now and think not merely of the man who wrote it, but also of the man to whom it was written. It was a rare and radiant soul who called forth out of the memories of Luke the most beautiful book in the world.

A letter is shaped quite as much by the receiver as the sender. A sermon is preached partly by the preacher and partly by the congregation. No man can sing a duet. A sermon is a joint product. The preacher

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"gives back in rain what he receives in dew."

It is so with all the great works of art. The painter sees before him a bit of nature which he wishes to interpret through his own temperament. Yes, but interpret to whom? Not till you know that can you fully understand the picture. A poet hears a song in the depths of his soul, and he sings it, and maybe sells it. Yes, but for whom? We are not wholly yet a race of pot-boilers. To somebody, for somebody, the world does all its fine things in art and ethics. "Find the woman!" It is a cynical bit of worldly wisdom. Well, find her. She is often worth the finding. She is some one whom love has beatified, some one for whom some sweet and true and worthy thing is done. Not yet is life reduced to terms of myself and my job; both I and my task are for some one. There is always a Theophilus. How do you know for whose sake I am writing this article?

You must see what self-restraint I impose upon myself in not ending this article with a sermon. And yet, why try to disguise the fact that it is a sermon? Being so, let me suggest in closing that it becomes us not merely to put into life what is best in us, but to call forth from others what is best in them. Every one of us is at once a Luke and a Theophilus.

And, if I may venture one more homiletic application, each one of us owes it to God to call forth from God that which is best in him. Is all that is in God the best? Very likely, and his love and his wrath are two poles of the same identical quality of benevolence. But the judgment scene with the sheep on one side and the goats on the other is as good an illustration as any one could wish of the fact that we ourselves determine in what sort the love of God shall be displayed, whether in the word to those on the right or to those on the left.

Even God is influenced by the quality which he discovers in the person he addresses.

This lays a rather heavy, but very sweet and happy, responsibility upon Theophilus.

THE SPECTATOR

FEW have the opportunity of dining with a lineal descendant of the Prophet Mohammed, and fewer still when that descendant was once the Sultan of Morocco, his late Shareefian Majesty Abd-el-Aziz, who at the time—the incident took place a few years ago—was living quietly in a palace overlooking Tangier, the while his younger brother sat so precariously on the throne of Fez. The Spectator's invitation did not come from him, but on the gray and gold card of a Legation, with a few penciled notes from the hostess intimating the Sultan's presence and the possibility of meeting with Moorish food.

The Spectator, never having previously dined so near to royalty, accepted gladly. It was a desperately bad night, such as happens only in the heart of the rainy season at Tangier. Warned beforehand, the Spectator donned overgarments consisting of a pair of sheet-rubber overalls, a rubber coat reaching to the knees, a southwester hat, and rubber gloves. Mere umbrellas would have been useless, for in Tangier, as throughout all western Barbary, guests go out to dinner riding on horseback or the more lowly mule. The Spectator, being no horseman even in the dark, bestrode a mere donkey of the Spanish burro type, alternately dragged and beaten by two tall Moors armed with staves and lanterns.

Thus attired and conveyed, it was small wonder that the Sultan had arrived before him and was standing in the outer hall, taking off garment after garment and handing them to a crowd of grinning slaves. He was a magnificent figure of a man, tall and dignified, with finely modeled hands; his gestures were courteous, and withal he showed an innate courtesy of spirit which had gone far in relieving him of difficulty in meeting Europeans. Yet only the week before, so the Spectator was told, coming suddenly upon his hostess clad in a low-necked gown, he had at once with perfect dignity stooped, picked up a Rabat rug, and thrown it over her head and shoulders.

After a few minutes' conversation, half in Arabic and half in all western European languages, the Spectator sat down to what was perhaps the strangest banquet of his life. Preferences and prejudices rose and jostled

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each other with the varying courses. There was soup and couscous, roast turkey and kabobs and lamb stuffed with pistachio nuts, iced cantaloup and jellies and gazelles' feet —everything excellent, but served with no recognizable order or sequence, though without doubt in accordance with the canons of Moorish culinary art. After the sherbet, indeed, came a new course of fish, served this time from brown earthen jars; and how the dinner would finally have ended no one can say, for of a sudden Abd-el-Aziz rose and, remarking in Arabic—though the words would have been understandable to the user of any tongue—"I have had enough," walked out into the drawing-room, where he started the electric piano. Because he was "royalty" all rose and followed, leaving the dessert untasted and the hostess in frantic consultation with the native chef.

Of course it was not intended as an insult. His Majesty really had had sufficient, and somewhere in the royal head and kindly heart was the idea that the most distinguished guest should leave first, otherwise the hostess would be compelled to bring on ever new dishes until he had at length expressed himself satisfied.

Which goes to show, the Spectator thought as he donned his overalls and remounted his donkey, that it is very pleasant to meet distinguished guests in a foreign land, but that it is a delicate matter to entertain royalty at any time, even in Morocco.

Another incident of this visit to Tangier may be related. Cholera existed at the time, and there was fear also of the pneumonic plague, which had ravaged Manchuria not many months before and was even then following the track of the steamers westward. Opposed to these cumulative evils there was only the Sanitary Council of Tangier, composed voluntarily of those heads of missions which, at one end of the European cables, maintain negotiations in the other direction with the Sultan at Fez, and this in a country where native sanitation is confined to religious ceremonies and municipal government as it is understood in the West is unknown. And on the fourth day of the Spectator's visit there broke out ten cases of infectious pneumonia, followed by ten deaths within twenty-four hours.

The first the Spectator knew of it was the tramp of soldiers in the street below—Moorish troops, under the command of French officers, taking up their position in a cordon around the neighboring block, which seemed to be built of a single large house, full of rooms and passages and built around an inner court. From within, as the Spectator watched, came sounds indicative of excitement and struggle; and he remembered hearing how, up to a very few years ago, the Sultans had been accustomed to pay their army by allowing it at intervals to loot the Mellah or Jewish quarter of the various towns—and the method is not forgotten on either side. But this was at eight o'clock in the evening, and, as no violence was in evidence, save only in guarding the infected house, many people entered and remained.

And then, at five o'clock in the morning, just at dawn, the Spectator saw the soldiers of the Council capture the entire population of the *patio*, five hundred in all, men, women, and children, breaking in the doors and giving time only to pack up the most valuable possessions. Then, not without difficulty and a little fighting, the captured were marched down to the beach, where they were put on barges and rowed across the bay. To the Spectator, watching from his window, it was like the sack of an ancient city, as the pale dawn rose on the capture, the shrieks and wailing and black despair.

On the opposite shore there was ready a camp of tents, surrounded by a triple fence of barbed wire and armed guards; and if any irritation was felt, at least no one of the prisoners came back to complain. Two weeks later they all returned together, the plague stamped out, with only three more deaths to record. And where they had lived were newly whitewashed quarters, with their belongings awaiting them—fumigated, it is true, and the more objectionable part burned, but they themselves all the better for the enforced airing.

Perhaps, after all, it was only pneumonia, and not the pneumonic plague, and the lives of ten thousand had not been endangered; but honor to the Sanitary Council of diplomats who, with no one to look to for support, acted Christianly, internationally, and promptly in a far-away post in western Barbary.

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THE NEW BOOKS

"OUT OF MANY NOVELS"

II

Since the time when the able and interesting novels of "Maarten Maartens" appeared in English translation, Louis Couperus is the most important Dutch novelist who has offered Americans studies of social life in Holland. Three of his stories have been read in this country; they are pictures of the life and manners of a people in whom, by descent and association, Americans are interested. In "Small Souls"[1] the study of society at The Hague is relentlessly searching and realistic. The Baroness van der Welcke married an elderly man, a friend of her father's, who was ambassador at Rome. She deserted her husband, and later married her lover. After an absence of twenty years she returns to The Hague, and her reception by a large family circle furnishes material for the novel. The characterizations are minute and vivid, and the reader finds himself on intimate terms with a whole group of people intensely interested in one another's affairs, and past-masters of gossip. The details give the story a lifelike quality, but at times all but bury the reader, and the minor characters obscure the three or four central figures. It is a serious and strong story overloaded with detail.

Miss Johnston's "Hagar," coming after her remarkable semi-historical stories of the Civil War, seemed to indicate that she had laid aside the magic staff of romanticism and taken her place among the recorders of the life of to-day. "Hagar," it must be confessed, had most of the elements of romanticism without its glamour. It was a tract for the times rather than a novel. In "The Witch"[2] the author of "Prisoners of Hope" has gone back to her earlier and more attractive manner. The story begins at the death-bed of Queen Elizabeth and runs its tragic career in the time of the rising Puritanism under King James, who, with mistaken zeal for his bishops, succeeded in making the revolt against prelacy a national movement. The most rigid and superstitious side of Puritanism is presented, and the tragedy of witchcraft, usually staged in New England, is graphically set against an English background. Charming bits of landscape are seen from time to time, but the story is somber in tone; there are hairbreadth escapes, there are wrecks and rescues, and the narrative never loses its momentum to the tragic end.

Four recent novels are concerned with the questions of modern family life and the economic independence of women. In "The Lady of Leisure,"[1] Violet Ashwin, a lady of leisure, was allowed to enter a dressmaking establishment in London, though her father was a great surgeon and her home offered every social attraction. The book is extremely clever—sometimes the cleverness is overdone—but it gives a vivid view of modern England, though probably the attitude towards "ladies" in business is really more exceptional than is implied. Brilliant conversation, delicate and allusive treatment of love situations, and wit mark the tale.

In "On the Staircase"[2] Mr. Swinnerton uses London as a background for his people. A family—parents, two sons, and a typist daughter—move with delightful ease through their working days, and refresh themselves in the evening among their surprisingly interesting friends who gather in their high-up flat in Great James Street. Barbara, self-centered, capable, and strong, yields slowly and reluctantly to the call of her heart. She works with her brain, and her affections are late in developing. Particularly fine and unusual is the author's skill when he deals with the friendship between the shrewd, clear-headed Amberley, Barbara's masterful lover, and the morbid, unhappy Velancourt, who makes a failure of his life.

Much straight thought went into the making of "Her Wings,"[3] by the author of "The Plain Path." A girl, whose mother, hurt by the sin of others, trained her in actual sex antagonism, tries to shut herself up to her mission of rescuing women and educating girls to recognize for themselves that men are essentially tyrants and spoilers. Georgia Frame is an efficient teacher and an ardent worker for equal suffrage. She and her boyish friend Theodosia, from the heights of their inexperience and college education, feel quite competent to right the world. Into their lives come two men, both to suffer from

[1] Small Souls. By Louis Couperus. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.35.
[2] The Witch. By Mary Johnston. Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.40.

[1] The Lady of Leisure. By Ethel Sidgwick. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.35.
[2] On the Staircase. By Frank Swinnerton. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.25.
[3] Her Wings. By Frances Newton Allen. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

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the sin that clouded their birth, both worthy of the highest respect, and in different ways earning it by their own fine qualities. The two girls, after entering into other lives through sympathy, grow to the realization that human beings are interdependent, that freedom from sorrowful discipline does not secure the highest happiness, and that all men are not selfish brutes nor are all women innocent victims. The story is warmly human and quite reasonably judicial.

Mrs. Bacon has gone thoroughly into the subject of her latest novel, "To-Day's Daughter,"[1] and illustrates modern ideas of social and family relations from several angles. The individual history of each one of a group of young New York society women is followed in detail. The question of economic independence of daughter or wife is held persistently before us. Dr. Stanchon is the worldly-wise mentor of his daughter's friends, and advises their husbands with equal candor. One, an artist, looks after her household and children while pursuing her art, and lives with a husband whose tastes are like her own—yet they slowly grow apart. She is the financial strength of the family. Another, forced by the neglect of a husband whom her friends, out of respect for her, never mention, becomes a successful interior decorator, serving her fashionable friends. Yet she is not happy. A third, with an adorable husband and children, gets entangled in committees, and is rescued for her family only by the combined strategy of her husband and the wise doctor. She is the happy wife and mother. A fourth, a competent woman of affairs, disgusted by the weakness of her self-indulgent husband, turns to public work for an outlet. The doctor steps in and makes her realize her duty to her husband. She saves him by moving to the country, where she shows her managing ability. Still another revolts and demands economic freedom, to her father's amazement and dismay, but she attains it after a fashion, even after her marriage to a young Austrian surgeon, who assents to her conditions. With a sacrifice of rampant individualism the family is preserved. Incidentally it is somewhat disheartening to find that bad manners, slang, and weak imitative profanity can be plausibly represented as prevailing among some clever New York women.

A few volumes of short stories find their places among the more elaborate tales. Mrs. Mary Wilkins Freeman's "The Copy Cat, and Other Stories"[1] reminds us that this portrayer of New England character has neither lost her exact and vigorous style nor exhausted her material. The twelve stories contained in the volume lack charm, but they are full of character; they portray crude and hard conditions, but the harsh outlines are redeemed by the pathos of human sorrow or the tenderness of human sentiment. Such a sketch as "The Umbrella Man" is a masterpiece of close characterization of almost sordid circumstances lightened and dignified by homely sentiment.

The old-fashioned sea yarn with modern elaborations reappears in Mr. Colcord's "The Game of Life and Death,"[2] a collection of a dozen unhackneyed and original stories of the sea and of sailors and seagoing people, which are not dependent for their interest on exciting incidents—though these are plentifully supplied—but present some striking character studies of unusual types. The impassive and inscrutable Chinaman who plays the "game of life and death" is very strongly drawn. The book is of exceptional interest.

The professor of philosophy who gives his name to "Christopher Quarles,"[3] by Percy James Brebner, belongs to the new class of amateur scientific detectives of crime. This interesting pursuit is the occupation of his leisure hours; and he takes only cases that interest him. He combines, therefore, the fresh spirit of the amateur with the scientific and artistic methods of the expert. Of the thirty-six stories which make up this volume, some are good and some are commonplace. It cannot be said that at any point Professor Quarles reaches the level of his great English and French models. He is, however, an interesting person whose indifference to monetary considerations in the pursuit of the calling of a detective gives him a right to be dictatorial and irritating. It is the special joy of the amateur detective to treat the professionals with more or less ironical contempt.

Many readers of The Outlook will recall the pleasure with which, years ago, they read Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy's story "But Yet a Woman"—one of the novels which it

[1] To-Day's Daughter. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.35.

[1] The Copy Cat, and Other Stories. By Mary Wilkins Freeman. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.25.

[2] The Game of Life and Death. By Lincoln Colcord. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

[3] Christopher Quarles. By Percy James Brebner. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.25.

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was a pleasure to read on account of the distinction of its style. Mr. Hardy has given us one or two stories since; but the slender volume in which eight short tales are collected, "Diane and Her Friends,"[1] will revive the regret which many readers have felt that Mr. Hardy's pen has been so long idle. These tales, which deal for the most part with the aristocratic type of Frenchman and Frenchwoman, have the refinement and dignity which characterized "But Yet a Woman." These qualities are essential in the portraiture of the kind of people who appear in these novels. Good or bad, they are all thoroughbreds under the old French standards. In the interpretation of these people and in the style in which the book is written there is that quality of distinction which one associates with the type. Unfortunately this quality is rare in American writing.

THE READER'S VIEW

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENT UNDER FIRE

Your interesting experiment of having a war correspondent at home was assured of success from the moment you were able to engage the services of Mr. Arthur Bullard. I have read his articles with the closest attention as an admirer for some years past of the sound and careful judgment to be found in his work. All the more, therefore, do I regret the persistently unfortunate character of his references to the part played in the war by Great Britain. May I recapitulate some of them?

1. In The Outlook for September 9 Mr. Bullard makes the astonishing statements that in Great Britain "only the very rich can afford to have their sons become officers," and that "the big middle class and the more fortunate workers do not have relatives at the front." So far as the "big middle class" is concerned, that assertion is ludicrously wide of the mark. It is precisely from their ranks that the majority of British officers are drawn, while the days when "only the very rich" could accept a commission ceased forever with the abolition of the purchase system, over forty years ago. What Mr. Bullard has to say on that subject by way of commentary on the British army of to-day is as out of date as one of Ouida's romances.

2. In the same issue Mr. Bullard remarks that a proof of how deeply the English are stirred by the war is shown by the "calling in of the native troops from India." But the native troops were not called in at all; they came in voluntarily, spontaneously, without the slightest solicitation. The idea of using them on the battlefields of Europe was not a British, but an Indian, idea. They poured forth their offers of service, and would take no denial; and the only malcontents now in India are those who perforce have been left at home and whose clamorous appeals to be permitted to fight for the King-Emperor have had to be disregarded.

This splendid and universal exhibition of loyalty and devotion on the part of all the peoples of India is a tribute of which any nation might be proud. Certainly we in England are proud of it. Nothing in the war has more deeply moved us. What answer could be more emphatic to the critics of British rule in India? What could have shown more clearly or more nobly that, for all our deficiencies of manner and methods, of character and policy, our work in India is recognized by Indians themselves to be just, well-intentioned, and worth defending and preserving at the risk of life itself? Look at it from whatever standpoint you choose, this irrepressible rally of all the races and creeds of India to the side of their alien rulers is one of the most brilliant and inspiriting pages in the relations between Orient and Occident.

But what is Mr. Bullard's comment on it? He observes, first, that even in the darkest hour of the Boer War we decided "not to risk letting the 'natives' get the habit of killing white men;" secondly, that there is no great difference in appearance between Germans and English; thirdly, that if the Sikhs and Gurkhas "get it into their heads that they are good enough to kill white men, they may some time take a shot at their English masters;" and, fourthly, that the decision to use them in Europe "will be regarded by all 'colonials,' active or retired, as a counsel of desperation."

I submit with some confidence that that is not worthy of Mr. Bullard. I cannot, indeed, imagine a great situation more inadequately appreciated, more perversely travestied, or more completely misunderstood. The danger he speaks of simply does not exist; the comparison he institutes between Sikhs and Gurkhas and the Bantu tribes of South Africa is, if he will forgive my saying so, one of immeasurable fatuity; and the attitude he ascribes to the "colonials," who are proud, as any men might well be, to be fighting side by side with their Indian fellow-subjects, is purely a product of his own imagination.

In The Outlook of September 30 I find another of Mr. Bullard's misapprehensions.

[1] Diane and Her Friends. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

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He declares that "it is to the interest of English business to continue the war as long as possible;" that "every day that war gives Great Britain's fleet excuse to harry the German merchant marine is fine for commerce—and business is business;" and that therefore "a great section of British opinion will hold out—even when the French and Russians have had enough—for terms which Germany could not accept."

Mr. Bullard must be alone in the world in thinking that this war is good for business. Everybody in Great Britain, at any rate, knows to his cost that it is not. As for "harrying the German merchant marine," my impression is that there is very little of it left to harry, that it was swept off the seas in the first fortnight or so of the war, and that to-day you might go round the world without meeting a German trading vessel flying the German flag. If, therefore, we are really spending $1,500,000,000 a year for the sake of picking up a stray German steamer or two, we are making an uncommonly bad bargain.

But I can assure Mr. Bullard that he utterly misinterprets the spirit in which the British people have taken up arms when he associates it in any way with "business." Wonderfully as our trade has stood the shock of war, this appalling conflict is for us very far from being a profitable enterprise; and Mr. Bullard's statement that it is to our commercial interest to prolong it, and his inference that for the sake of our pockets we shall insist on harsher terms of peace than either France or Russia, can only be met with a blank and abrupt denial. The degree of misunderstanding they imply is such as to preclude the gentler method of argument.

The same, too, may be said of his assertions, also in your issue of September 30, that there is "a very marked dissatisfaction" with the work of the British fleet, that the demand for "action" is becoming "stronger and stronger," and that it was "in response to popular clamor" that the Admiralty sent the three cruisers which were torpedoed by German submarines "into danger." I am in a position to inform him that each of these three statements is a separate inaccuracy.

London, October 6. SYDNEY BROOKS.

Mr. Brooks very naturally sees the rôle of Great Britain in this war drama somewhat differently from those of us who are neutrals. And his grievance against me seems to be that I do not picture Britannia's armor as entirely spotless.

His first criticism is the result of not understanding our American use of the phrase "middle class." In the English usage the term includes all those above the lower classes who are not "titled." Thomas Lipton, the great tea merchant and yachtsman, for instance, ceased to belong to the "middle class" when he was knighted. With us "middle class" means people of moderate comfort, people who would not be able to give one of their sons an annuity of two or three thousand dollars in order that he might be an army officer.

The "sale of commissions" has, as Mr. Brooks says, been abolished these many years. But, with the exception of the Royal Engineers, men with a high technical training which would easily enable them to earn a comfortable livelihood in civil life, the pay of the English officers does not, as a rule, meet the expenses of the profession. The only infantry regiment I know of in the English army in which an officer can live on his pay is the West Indian regiment. There may be one or two other exceptions.

People of moderate means in normal times cannot afford to have their sons enter the British army as officers. Undoubtedly a good many young men from what we would call the middle classes have volunteered in this present crisis, but they are still in the home training camps. Of the officers at the front there are very few, outside of the engineers, who do not have a private income.

Mr. Brooks's second charge is directed against my comments on the introduction of native troops into this European war. In so far as he thought that my remarks were a sweeping criticism of British rule in India, he read into my article what I did not put there. I do, however, deeply regret that it has been thought wise to allow these men to be drawn into a quarrel which is not theirs.

When I wrote that "all colonials" would regret this move I made too broad a generalization. I should have said "many" or "most" colonials. I have never been in India, and even if I had been there I could not have known what "all" colonials would think about this. But in spite of Mr. Brooks's assertions to the contrary, there are many "colonials" among my acquaintances who do regard the use of native troops against Europeans as a counsel of desperation.

Mr. Brooks also takes exception to my comparison of the present situation to the Boer War. Great Britain then had the opportunity to use her Indian army against white men, and decided not to. If Mr. Brooks will turn to the files of the London papers of that period, he will find lengthy discussions on this subject, and that many Englishmen of Indian experience took the position I carelessly attributed to "all colonials."

I am quite willing to forgive Mr. Brooks his expression "of immeasurable fatuity," as I did not use the comparison to which he applies it. I in no way alluded to "the Bantu tribes."

Mr. Brooks's third protest is against my statement that "a great section of British opinion" would favor the prolongation of the war for business reasons. I most sincerely hope I am

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wrong. I have, however, been following pretty closely the English papers, and I have found a good deal which strengthens my belief that a great many English business men are outspoken in their conviction that, while a short war would not compensate for the immediate disorganization of commerce and industry, a long war would be profitable.

This financial question is too intricate to discuss in detail here. I have, however, at hand the files of the "Times" weekly edition. There is hardly a number which does not contain evidence to support my contention. Here are two. In the issue of August 21 there appear the following headlines:

GERMANY'S WORLD COMMERCE MARKETS OPEN TO ATTACK FROM BRITAIN

There follows a quotation from Sir Walter Raleigh: "He who rules the sea rules the commerce of the world—all the treasures of the world and, indeed, the world itself." On this text quite a sermon is preached.

In the next issue there is a letter of even greater significance, which I quote at length:

WAR ON GERMAN COMMERCE

A direct and inevitable result of the propaganda as actively promoted by Government agencies is to divert public attention from the most urgent problem of the war. Our first duty is to defeat the enemy. If we succeed, much of his trade will fall to our share; if we fail, these aspirations become grotesque.

By all means let us prepare the ground; but so widespread are the hopes excited by Board of Trade activities that in many industrial districts people seem to think their efforts can be safely concentrated upon trade. The result upon recruiting is bad, in some places disastrous. We did not declare war for cash, but for honor. Let us not ignore the central and crucial needs of to-day—the provision and training of enough men to carry through a long and arduous campaign.

—*The Times Weekly Edition, August 28, 1914.*

In regard to "harrying the German merchant marine," I submit with some confidence that it is not worthy of Mr. Brooks to quibble in this wise over terms. The German merchant ships have been driven out of competition with the English; the longer they are kept from business, the more is the chief rival of British ship-owners weakened. As Mr. Brooks says, there is very little left to harry. The only German ships which still use the high seas are war-ships. The British fleet has not yet developed any remarkable skill in sweeping them off the seas.

As I said, I hope I am wrong in believing that "business" has any voice in the British attitude towards this war. But Mr. Brooks's "blank and abrupt denial" does not convince me that all those who are emphasizing this point of view in the English press are mistaken.

In his last paragraph Mr. Brooks seems to have been especially offended because I stated that there was noticeable in the English press "a very marked dissatisfaction with the work of the British fleet." This is a question of fact, and any one who has access to the English papers of mid-September can decide for himself. Mr. Churchill's speech, in which he said that if the German ships would not come out for a fight it would be necessary to dig them out, has no meaning that I can see unless it was an answer to the question, "Why don't they [the fleet] do something?"

The third statement of mine, which Mr. Brooks is in a position to inform me is inaccurate, I did not make. I made no pretense of knowing the secret plans of the British Admiralty. After saying that the censorship on the sea was even stronger than on land, I said that "the indications are" that the naval authorities acted in the way Mr. Brooks knows they did not act. If Mr. Brooks is in the confidence of the Admiralty, as his assurance implies, he of course knows a great deal more about it than I do. It is the only "indication" I have received to date which is contrary to those on which I formed my first opinion.

I am sorry that I do not see things in exactly the same light as Mr. Brooks, for "I have read his articles with the closest attention as an admirer for some years past of the sound and careful judgment to be found in his work."

ARTHUR BULLARD.

New York City, November 4, 1914.

A PARABLE

I have a pleasant home and am blessed with stalwart sons and a corps of faithful and efficient servants. Our house is now too small for our growing needs, and I am about to cut openings in the party wall which separates me from the adjoining house. This house is owned by a delicate widow with one small child. If she remains peaceable, I shall allow her to occupy the hall bedroom on the third floor of her home. If she proves disagreeable, I shall kill her and her baby, and burn her furniture. I am justified in this course of action by a distinguished instructor of youth in one of our largest universities. I feel confident of universal approval.

Washington, D. C. JOHN DELAFIELD.

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BY THE WAY

Sir Ernest Shackleton has left Buenos Aires for the Antarctic, where he plans to spend the winter. He expects to keep his ship, the *Endurance*, in touch with civilization by means of the wireless.

The exporting of frozen meat from Australia is rapidly increasing. The trade has been so far largely with Great Britain, but increased shipments are being made to the United States, and an American firm is to erect a large meat-freezing plant on the Brisbane River, with a capacity of 400 head of cattle per day.

A subscriber sends us a real estate advertisement which contains the phrase, "In exchange for suburban property, want mortgages or cold waters," and asks whether "cold waters" means mineral springs property. The expression, we believe, has no reference to springs, but refers to apartment-houses which do not have hot water on tap for the tenants, but only aqueduct, or cold, water as supplied by the city.

Memories of early Californian days are brought to mind by a newspaper paragraph which announces the death of a widely known printer, Don Lord Sweet, of New York, who was one of the youngest of the "forty-niners," being only two years old when he sailed from Maine to San Francisco. As a young man Mr. Sweet was associated with several men who afterwards attained international reputations—Henry George, then a compositor on the "Alta-Californian;" Mark Twain, whose first lecture he attended; Bret Harte, then publishing the first of his stories in the "Overland Monthly;" and Joaquin Miller, afterwards to be known as the "Poet of the Sierras."

Rumania has doubled her output of petroleum since 1906, and is now fourth on the list of oil-producing countries, being outranked only by the United States, Russia, and Mexico.

Celebrated war despatches, says the New York "Evening Post," have in many cases been written, not by the generals whose names were signed to them, but by clever subordinates. Instances cited are Wellington's famous despatches, which are attributed to an attaché named Gurwood; Lord Roberts's South African despatches, written, it is asserted, by Lieutenant-Colonel Cowen; and, in the present war, the despatches of Sir John French, said to be written by Colonel Swinton.

Accounting for the marvelous success of Manager Stallings in making champion ball-players out of a scrub team, Captain Evers, of the Bostons, recently said: "Stallings handles men very skillfully. No matter how bad a man looks, he generally has a good word for him. 'I believe something could be done with him if he were handled right,' I have heard Stallings say frequently about a man." But how did he succeed in getting these green players and cast-offs from other clubs to beat the world's champions four times running?

Nine survivors of the wrecked exploring ship Karluk have arrived in Victoria, British Columbia. Stefansson, the leader of the expedition, is now, with two companions, adrift on the polar ice north of Alaska, if he still survives. Captain Bartlett, one of the nine members of the party who reached Victoria, says of his leader: "He'll turn up all right. He knows the Arctic better than any one else and he'll turn up."

In a pamphlet issued by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company this interesting statement bearing on the temperance question is made: "The production at this Company's mines in the southern district of Colorado for the first eighteen days of April averaged 5.85 tons per day for each miner at work. That was before the Federal troops closed the saloons. For the first eighteen days of June (with all saloons closed) each man produced 6.52 tons, which meant an average increase in wages of over 11 per cent per man."

Well-heated cellars, according to "House and Garden," may be used for providing that luxury in January, rhubarb pie. Not by storing up the delicacy, but by growing the plant. The forcing clumps are to be buried in a box or tub, covered with sand, and watered freely. In from one to three months, it is averred, the rhubarb, nicely blanched, will be ready for the pie.

In a recent address on "The Lost Million" the Hon. James M. Beck tells of the difficulties that beset Washington in endeavoring to secure gunpowder for the Revolutionary army. "When he assumed control at Cambridge," says Mr. Beck, "Washington had kegs of sand labeled 'Powder' in order to delude his soldiers into the apparent security that they had plenty of ammunition." Franklin even advised the use of bows and arrows to repel the British. To get ammunition American agents appealed to France, and "the lost million" was an unpaid debt due to Beaumarchais for money loaned by him for procuring munitions of war.

When Dr. Emanuel Baruch, in a speech to American women of German descent, said that "England had carried the banner of civilization wherever she had gone," there were sounds of disapproval. Dr. Baruch, who was pleading the cause of Germany, said that he was present to tell the truth and not to please. He asked for justice to Germany, he said, therefore he must be just to England. This example of dispassionate fairness may be commended to disputants, public and private, on both sides of the great controversy.

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